TWO RED CROSS SHIPS SUNK—CALAIS SHELLED

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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MYSTERY PARTLY SOLVED.

Commander Gordon Campbell, R.N., D.S.O., "the mystery V.C." The *London Gazette* now announces that the award is "in recognition of his conspicuous gallantry, consummate coolness and skill in command of one of H.M. ships in action."—(Swaine.)

HONOURED BY FRANCE.

Lieutenant - General G. F. Milne, Grand Officer Legion of Honour.

Captain A. J. Dawson (Border Regiment), awarded the Croix de Guerre.

Flight-Commander Bertram Charles Bell, R.N.A.S., awarded the D.S.O. Since February 1, 1917, he has taken part in no fewer than fourteen aerial combats, always victoriously.—(Lafayette.)

BLOWING BOCHE TRENCHES TO BITS— WHAT A FRENCH AIRMAN SAW AT AUBERIVE.

The little village of Auberive and its powerful girdle of defences fell before one of our Ally's irresistible attacks, which was carried out in spite of heavy downfalls of snow and rain. The actual battle was preceded by an overwhelming artillery preparation, which smashed the enemy's first line defences to atoms and inflicted severe casualties upon them. This wonderful photograph was taken from an aeroplane, and shows French shells bursting on the Boche trenches before the village, which is partially obscured by smoke.

LEAGUE OF PATRIOTS TO SAVE FOOD.

Voluntary Pledge to Eat Less During War.

SUPPORT FOR SCHEME.

It is suggested that a League of Food Patriots shall be formed—a great League whose members shall consist of the whole manhood and womanhood of the nation and who shall pledge themselves to eat less during the war to thwart Germany's plan for starving Great Britain.

Vague appeals to the people exhorting them "on their honour" to economise in food have produced only indifferent results.

In the meantime the Germans are sinking thousands of tons of shipping every week.

The food shortage becomes more pronounced every day.

Compulsory rationing, the Food Controller and his lieutenants tell the country, would be an inadvisable policy, and would court endless complex difficulties.

THE PLEDGE EXPLAINED.

But a nation appealed to collectively not to eat so much as before is not vastly impressed, and so this eminently practical scheme for the formation of a League of Food patriots, which shall inspire the individual, is suggested.

"Let us initiate a National Pledge to obey all restrictions imposed by the Food Controller for the time being," says the *Sunday Pictorial*, which makes the proposal.

"Just as the teetotaller pledges his solemn word of honour to abstain from alcoholic liquor, let us pledge our's to abstain from the food we should deny ourselves."

A National Pledge is suggested for the food patriot on these lines:—

"I pledge myself, as a member of the League of Food Patriots, to abide faithfully by such restrictions in the consumption of food as may, at any time, be laid upon me by the Food Controller."

In a nutshell, the idea is that these pledges should all be sent to some central office, say, the Food Controller's Department, and that in return the members should receive a badge or button to wear in somewhat the same way as "Derby men" wore armlets, as an outward symbol of their patriotism.

SOLVING A PROBLEM.

The scheme was applauded on all sides yesterday as a very excellent and sensible one.

"I think the scheme would solve the rationing difficulty," said Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

"It would be a good way out of compulsory rationing," he added, "for no amount of organisation could carry this out.

"The scheme is undoubtedly an excellent one," was the opinion expressed by Mr. Eustace Miles, the food expert.

"The national pledge suggested, however, does not go far enough. The food patriot should pledge himself not merely to limit food consumption on lines laid down by the Food Controller, but also to avoid wastage in meals.

"The people who join the league should try to consume even less than the Food Controller's allowance

Mr. W. A. M. Goode, secretary of the Committee for Relief in Belgium, considered the formation of the league "A splendid idea!"

"IN A GILDED CAGE."

First Instalment of Thrilling Love Story in To-day's 'Daily Mirror.'

The opening instalment of "In a Gilded Cage," by Mark Allerton, is published on page 9 to-day.

This magnificent story has been specially written for *The Daily Mirror*, and it will delight all lovers of really good fiction.

The theme of "In a Gilded Cage" is one which will appeal to everybody. It is a story of a great, unselfish love—a love which regards self-sacrifice as a privilege—and in a most delightful way it tells how the hero wins his just reward after many trials.

The best advice to fiction readers is—now turn to page 9 and read this charming story. Also, they should read what the author says about his story in "To-day's Gossip."

GERMANS' BLACK LIES.

Allegation That Relief Ship Ruse Is Used Against U's.

The Press Bureau has issued the following statement:—

A German wireless message of April 20 accuses the French and British Governments of employing vessels for the attack of submarines under the ruse of the distinctive markings carried by Belgian relief ships.

The allegation is entirely untrue and is absolutely without a shadow of foundation.

It is merely a variation of the equally groundless assertions that the hospital ships of the Allies are used for purposes other than those sanctioned by The Hague Convention, and is evidently intended as a pretext for torpedoing Belgian relief ships at sight, and thus further reducing the mercantile tonnage of the world.

British soldiers crossing the Scarpe.—(Official photograph from the west.)

DUKE'S HEIR WEDS.

Marquis of Hartington Marries Lady Mary Cecil.

GIFT FROM THE KING AND QUEEN

The marriage of the Marquis of Hartington, heir to the Dukedom of Devonshire, and Lady Mary Cecil, daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury, took place at the Marquis' seat, Hatfield, on Saturday.

The entire town and countryside, including the green-armleted women landworkers, took holiday and assembled in the Church of St. Ethelreda, which was massed with camellias.

The bride was gowned in sheeny draped white satin with family honiton lace on the low-cut bodice.

A simple chiffon veil fell from her myrtle chaplet to her feet. She carried only a prayer-book as she passed up the aisle on the arm of her father.

A little delay in the procession of seven bridesmaids and two pages was occasioned by the bride's two-year-old niece, who should have led the procession with the Hon. Arthur Gore, the seven-year-old son of the Earl of Arran, suddenly calling for her "Mummy, mummy—want my mummy."

She was carried up the aisle by Lady Kerry, whose small daughter, Lady Kitty, was a bridesmaid with Lady Florence Cecil's daughter, Lord Desborough's daughter Imogen, and Lord Edward Gascoyne Cecil's daughter.

These pretty children wore pale pink-green gowns with net caps, and carried bunches of evergreen and myrtle leaves. The tiny pages, Lord Arran's son and Master George Nairne, wore Court suits of white satin.

The Marquis of Dalkeith acted as usher and best man. The Bishop of Exeter, uncle of the bride, gave an address on "Service."

After the ceremony the tenants were entertained in the old banqueting hall, and afterwards viewed the presents, among which the most striking were a brooch from the King and Queen and a gem bracelet from Lord Curzon.

SWEDEN'S FOOD CRISIS.

Cries of "Republic" from Crowd—Many Rumours.

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.—The workers of Stockholm yesterday made a gigantic demonstration outside the Swedish Parliament, where it was stated that the Premier would answer the interpellations on the food question.

M. Branting, repeating what the Premier had said in the House, said that the Premier's declaration was satisfactory, as M. Swartz had promised that secrecy would now be at an end and that the Government would co-operate with the House on the food question.

In the House M. Branting said that the great demonstration proved that the people were in earnest and would see to it that their demands were fulfilled. After M. Branting had finished his speech in the House the Mayor of Stockholm spoke. During all this time the crowds outside were quiet, but now and then cries for a republic and a revolution were to be heard.

This demonstration has caused an enormous sensation in Stockholm, and, according to the *Dagens Nyheter*, rumours of revolution were persistently circulating throughout the country. Fresh demonstrations of a far more serious character are expected on May 1.

The *Dagens Nyheter* circulates a rumour to the effect that machine guns have been placed in different parts of the city. The royal castle is being strictly guarded by a corps of marine infantry.—Exchange.

"FIGHT FOR EXISTENCE."

The Kaiser's Fulsome Message to the Crown Prince's Army.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—A Berlin official telegram states that the Kaiser has sent the following telegram to the Crown Prince:—

"The battle on the Aisne and in Champagne is not yet over; but all who fight and bleed there shall know that the whole of Germany will remember their deeds and is at one with them to carry through the fight for existence to a victorious end. God grant it."—Reuter.

"FACING REAL FIGHT."

Mr. Balfour Tells America War Will Be a Long One.

UNSCRUPULOUS POWER.

"That this great people should have thrown themselves whole-heartedly into this mighty struggle, prepared to make all the efforts and sacrifices that may be required to win success for this most righteous cause is at once so happy and so momentous an event that only the historian of the future can measure it in its just proportions."

Thus spoke Mr. Balfour in an interview with the United Press Association in America, says an Exchange New York message.

"Realise, people of America, that you are facing a real fight," he said. "Prepare for great sacrifice, for it will be demanded of you.

"It will be a long war, taxing the resources of men, requiring the maximum of financial strength and industrial and commercial energy involving the individual effort of every true American.

"We have come to help America to turn over the first page in a new chapter in the history of mankind. The United States does not yet realise all that it will be called upon to do and which we know it will do—and it is much. Time will bring the war home to America, as it has done to us.

"But there is an impression that you will be called upon for nothing beyond making munitions and building ships. You will see. I appreciate that it will be quite some time before the people of the United States realise—to borrow an Americanism—what they are up against.

"I am quite sure that when Germany forced the United States to war she did not realise what she was up against.

"I have come to do what I can to make co-operation easy and effective between those who are striving with all their might to bring about a lasting peace by the only means that can assure it—viz., a successful war.

"Your President, in most apt and vivid phrase, has proclaimed that the world must be made safe for democracy.

"Democracies, wherever they are to be found, and not least the democracies of the British Empire, will hail the pronouncement as a good augury that self-governing communities are not to be treated as negligible simply because they are small and that ruthless domination of one unscrupulous Power imperils the future civilisation and liberties of mankind are truths of political ethics which bitter experience was burning into the souls of all freedom-loving peoples."

D.S.C. FOR AUTHOR.

Lieut. Erskine Childers of "Riddle of Sands" Fame.

One of the most interesting recipients of the D.S.C. (particulars of which are given in the *London Gazette*) is Lieutenant Erskine Childers, R.N.V.R.

Lieutenant Childers is, of course, the well-known writer of "The Riddle of the Sands," which is the story of an English yachtsman who set himself to study the channels in the sands about Borkum, and who saw one night the Kaiser inspecting a fleet of barges that were to convey a German expeditionary force to England.

Lieut. Childers, R.N.V.R.

It is a wonderful story, showing knowledge of the sands and their conditions that could only have been gained by intimate experience.

Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson have been decorated by the President of the French Republic with the Croix de Guerre.

The D.S.O. goes to Flight-Lieutenant (acting Flight-Commander) Bertram Charles Berr, R.N.A.S., who took part in fourteen air fights and drove down three enemy machines out of control.

The estate of Lord Allerton has been sworn provisionally at £250,000.

THE CALLING UP OF DISCHARGED MEN.

Great Protest Meeting in Trafalgar Square.

MR. J. M. HOGGE'S ADVICE.

"Hold together in your opposition; hold out against being taken as long as you possibly can. We will fight our best for you in the House of Commons."

These words, delivered by Mr. J. M. Hogge, M.P., at a meeting in Trafalgar-square yesterday, were addressed to discharged soldiers, whom the military authorities have been given power to re-examine under the new Military Service Act.

The gathering, which numbered close upon 2,000, was swollen by people who marched in procession to the square carrying banners bearing the words, "Comb out the funk holes" and similar phrases.

The audience was composed largely of rejected men who were obviously unfit for service.

Mr. Hogge said it made him sick when he saw what the Army authorities were doing.

He produced a discharged soldier who had lost his right arm in the service of his country and whose left hand had been mutilated to such an extent as to render it useless. Recently, he said, the man was called to have his pension reviewed and the notice added: "Please bring your artificial eye with you." (Laughter.) Now he had been recalled to join the colours. (Cries of "Shame.")

WHERE TO FIND RECRUITS.

Mr. Hogge instanced another case, that of a man who, he said, was suffering from consumption and had offered himself and been rejected five times. He was now out in France, sent out as a fit man by a medical board.

Mr. Hogge said he wanted, for the sake of the country, to be sure that the treatment meted out to our discharged soldiers was such as would not make us ashamed.

If the authorities would hand over to him and a committee of discharged soldiers the task of finding the 100,000 men wanted, and would give them permission to go into the Government offices and banks to find them, he would guarantee to get them pretty quickly.

Mr. Pringle, M.P., declared that no more unjust, no meaner, no more contemptible, and no more cruel act had been done by the Government than that of ordering the re-examination of men rejected or discharged from the Army.

A resolution was carried declaring the recalling for re-examination of the rejected and discharged men unfair, and stating that men of foreign birth should be called upon to accept responsibility commensurate with the privileges they enjoyed.

MYSTERY V.C.

No Details of Deed Which Won Honour for Naval Commander.

"The King has been graciously pleased to approve of the grant of the Victoria Cross to Commander Gordon Campbell, D.S.O., R.N., in recognition of his conspicuous gallantry, consummate coolness and skill in command of one of his Majesty's ships in action."—*London Gazette*.

This is probably the first time since the institution of the V.C. that the bestowal of this coveted honour has been announced without details of the deed for which it was awarded.

At the outbreak of war Commander Campbell was in command of a destroyer, but in the middle of 1915 he was transferred to special and, presumably, highly confidential service, in which he has greatly distinguished himself.

In March, 1916, he was promoted commander over the heads of nearly 700 seniors, and two months later he was appointed to the D.S.O.

A few weeks ago came another surprise, this officer attending at an Investiture to receive the V.C. without any preliminary announcement having been made in the *Gazette* and without a word to explain the award.

Commander Gordon Campbell is a son of Colonel Campbell, of Crescentwood-road, Sydenham, who commands the Dulwich Volunteer Battalion.

NEWS ITEMS.

German Cruiser Mackensen.

A great German cruiser just launched has, by order of the Kaiser, received the name of Mackensen, says Reuter.

For Military Needs.

To accumulate a considerable reserve of wool for military needs, the Government announce a drastic curtailment of production for home consumption.

Sir F. Burnand Dead.

Sir Francis Burnand, a wit and a famous editor of *Punch*, died at Ramsgate in his eighty-first year on Saturday. He was editor of *Punch* for twenty-five years.

State Flour Mills.

The Food Controller (it is announced officially) will take over, as from April 30, all flour mills of the United Kingdom which, on the date of the order, used wheat in the making of flour.

For the opening instalment of "In a Gilded Cage" turn to page 9.

U BOATS TORPEDO TWO BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIPS

Escorted Vessels Not Specially Marked Owing to German Piracy.

15 WOUNDED GERMANS AMONG THE DROWNED

29 Wounded British Lost in Donegal and 13 in the Lanfranc—152 Germans Rescued.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:—

On the evening of April 17 the s.s. **Donegal** and **Lanfranc,** while transporting wounded to British ports, were torpedoed without warning.

Owing to the German practice of sinking hospital ships at sight, and to the fact that distinctive marking and lighting of such vessels render them more conspicuous targets for German submarines, it has become no longer possible to distinguish our hospital ships in the customary manner.

These two ships therefore, though carrying wounded, were not in any way outwardly distinguished as hospital ships. They were provided with an escort for protection.

The Donegal carried slightly wounded cases, all British. Of these twenty-nine men, as well as twelve of the crew, are missing and presumed drowned.

The Lanfranc, in addition to 234 wounded British officers and men, carried 167 wounded German prisoners, a medical personnel of fifty-two, and a crew of 123.

Of these the following are missing and presumed drowned:—

2 wounded British officers.	**5 crew.**
11 wounded British other ranks.	**5 wounded German officers.**
1 R.A.M.C. staff.	**10 wounded German other ranks.**

One hundred and fifty-two German prisoners were rescued by British patrol vessels at the imminent risk of being themselves torpedoed.

The next-of-kin are being informed in all cases of loss of life.

THE LAST WORD IN GERMAN SAVAGERY.

Outrages Change Status of Hospital Ships.

SAME RISK FOR FOE.

In connection with the announcement of the loss of the two hospital ships the Secretary of the Admiralty also issues the following:—

The illegal and inhuman submarine warfare which Germany has waged upon merchant shipping has for some time been openly adopted against hospital ships flying the Red Cross flag and otherwise acting in complete conformity with the requirements of The Hague Convention.

This culmination of savagery has brought the world face to face with a situation that is without parallel in civilised warfare.

The British Government in considering fully the measures to be adopted in these circumstances has had in review the entire facts on which the German Government claims to have acted. These may be recapitulated in brief for the consideration of the civilised world.

On January 29, 1917, the German Government addressed a memorial to the American and Spanish Embassies for transmission to the British and French Governments. In this it was stated that the hospital ships of the Allies, and of Britain in particular, were employed for the purpose of transporting troops and military supplies.

The evidence of a number of witnesses, the majority of whom were anonymous and the remainder German, was cited in support of this outrageous statement.

The German Government in conclusion declared that no hospital ship would be "tolerated" in the tract of sea lying between lines connecting Flamborough Head and Terschelling on the one side and Ushant and Land's End on the other.

NURSE AMONG VICTIMS.

The statement then recalls the issue by the Foreign Office of an emphatic denial of this alleged misuse, and the German Government was informed that if the threat were carried out immediate reprisals would follow. The statement goes on:—

The course dictated by humanity and common sense was plain and needed no reminder such as was given by the British Government. Yet in spite of their emphatic denials of the German falsehoods and the subsequent warning conveyed, the British hospital ship Asturias was torpedoed without warning on the night of March 20.

The ship was steaming with all navigation lights burning and the proper Red Cross signs brilliantly illuminated. The cumulative evidence that she has been torpedoed and not mined was only accepted after it had been confirmed beyond all doubt and after exhaustive investigation.

The loss of life on this occasion included a nursing sister and a stewardess, a fact which might have brought home to any enemy but Germany some sense of the enormity of the outrage.

But the nation responsible for the murder of Nurse Cavell appears to have accepted the intelligence with composure, if not with satisfaction.

The statement quotes the German official wireless message boasting of the sinking of the hospital ships Asturias and Gloucester Castle, and says:—

The British Government thereupon authorised prompt measures of reprisal in accordance with the announcement already referred to, and on April 14 a large squadron of British and French aeroplanes bombarded the German town of Freiburg with satisfactory results.

BRITISH REPRISALS.

In spite of the warnings conveyed to Germany that her barbarous attacks on hospital ships would result in such action on the part of Great Britain, the German Government published through the wireless message of April 16 an abusive protest which "categorically contested any justification" for this reprisal.

Nothing could afford a better illustration of German mentality and reasoning.

On the other hand, the spirit in which the Allies exacted retribution is shown by the purely military character of the measures adopted.

The airmen who carried out the attack were exposed to, and did in fact incur, precisely the same dangers from the town defences as they would have been in the course of an ordinary action.

It was plain, however, that any retaliatory measures open to a Government upholding the principles of humanity and justice would not prove a deterrent to Germany in the future. Such reprisals could be only punitive in effect, and it was necessary to reconsider the entire status of hospital ships in the light of the attitude taken by the German Government.

The markings agreed upon at The Hague Convention, which had hitherto guaranteed the immunity of hospital ships from attack, rendered them no longer inviolable.

LIGHTS THAT MADE TARGETS.

The custom of showing all navigating lights and illuminating the distinctive markings at night only afforded a better target for German submarines.

It was therefore decided that sick and wounded, together with medical personnel and supplies, must in future be transported for their own safety in ships carrying no distinctive markings, and proceeding without lights in the same manner as ordinary mercantile traffic.

Notice has accordingly been given to the German Government that the British Government have withdrawn certain vessels from the list of hospital ships published by them in accordance with international law, and they will no longer appear thereon.

During the recent fighting on the western front a very large number of wounded German prisoners have fallen into our hands. These officers and men have to be transported to England for treatment by the same means that our own wounded are brought over, and practically all ships transporting wounded are bound to carry a proportion of German wounded. These will naturally share with British wounded equal risks from the attacks of German submarines.

Whether the policy of the German Government is likely to be deflected from its abominable course by the knowledge that it can only be pursued at the expense of their own wounded remains to be seen.

PRUSSIAN GUARDS' RUSH FOR THE LIFEBOATS.

Glorious Heroism of the Torpedoed British Wounded.

HUNS FIGHT ONE ANOTHER.

The story of the torpedoed hospital ship Lanfranc, says the Central News, will take rank with the undying histories of the Birkenhead and the Tyndareus. Stricken British soldiers stood to attention while the vessel slowly sank beneath them, their splendid serenity being in marked contrast with the cowardice displayed by men of the Prussian Guard, who, in the moment of danger, rushed to the lifeboats for salvation.

Particulars of the outrage were related by a British officer as follows:—The Lanfranc was attacked by a submarine about half-past seven on Tuesday evening, just as we had finished dinner. There was a crash followed by an explosion, and glass and splinters of wood flew in all directions. In a few minutes the engines had stopped, and the Lanfranc appeared to be sinking rapidly, but to our surprise she steadied herself and, after a while, remained perfectly motionless.

MAD RUSH.

We had on board nearly two hundred prisoners belonging to the Prussian Guard and about twice as many British wounded, among the latter being some very bad cases. The moment the torpedo struck the Lanfranc the Prussians made a mad rush for the lifeboats.

One of their officers came up to a boat close to which I was standing. I shouted to him to go back, whereupon he stood and scowled. "You must save us," he begged. I told him to wait his turn. Other Prussians showed their cowardice by dropping on their knees and imploring pity. Some of them cried "Kamerad," as they do on the battlefield. I allowed none of them to pass me.

Meanwhile the crew and the staff had gone to their posts. The stretcher cases were brought on deck as quickly as possible and the first boats were lowered without delay. Help had been summoned and many vessels were hurrying to our assistance.

FOUGHT EACH OTHER.

In these moments, while wounded "Tommies"—many of them as helpless as little children—lay in their cots unaided, the Prussian moral dropped to zero. Our cowardly prisoners made another crazy effort to get into a lifeboat. They managed to crowd into one, but no sooner had it been lowered than it toppled over.

The Prussians were thrown into the water and then fought with each other in order to reach another boat, containing a number of gravely wounded British soldiers.

The behaviour of our own lads I shall never forget. Crippled as many of them were, they tried to stand at attention while the more serious cases were being looked after.

One man I saw had had a leg severed and his head was heavily bandaged. He was lifting himself up a staircase by the hands, and was just as keen on summoning help for Fritz as on saving himself. He whistled to a mate to come, and aid a Prussian who was unable to move owing to internal injuries.

It is impossible to give adequate praise to the crew and staff. They were all heroes. They remained at their posts until the last man had been taken off, and some of them took off articles of their clothing and threw them into the lifeboats for the benefit of those who were in need of warm covering.

BRITISH DRAWING NEARER TO LENS.

Three Foe Counter-Attacks Fail to Win Back Lost Ground.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

General Headquarters, Sunday.

9.46 A.M.—On the north bank of the Scarpe the ground gained yesterday east of Fampoux was secured during the night.

Fighting continues in our favour west and north-west of Lens, where our troops have again made progress and have captured prisoners and machine guns.

Three German counter-attacks upon our new positions in this neighbourhood were successfully repulsed.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Afternoon Communiqué.—In the region to the south of St. Quentin the artillery fighting continued to be fairly violent during the night.

Between the Aisne and the Chemin des Dames we made fresh progress to the north of Sancy and Jouy.

There was hand grenade fighting in the region of Hartebise.

In Champagne there were skirmishes between patrols and hand grenade fighting to the west of Navarin.

Yesterday evening German aeroplanes dropped several bombs in the region of Dunkirk. Three persons were slightly injured. The material damage done was small.—Reuter.

GERMAN WARSHIPS SHELL CALAIS.

Night Raid on Dover—Two Enemy Ships Sunk.

118 PRISONERS.

Paris, Saturday (received yesterday).—A telegram from Calais states that German destroyers last night fired a number of shells on Calais.—Reuter.

Paris, Sunday.—A telegram from Calais to the *Matin* states that about a hundred shells were fired into the town by the German raiders and that several citizens were killed and a dozen slightly wounded.—Reuter.

THE BRITISH WAY.

The British Admiralty report that on the night of the 20th-21st five German destroyers attempted a raid on Dover, shells being dropped into a ploughed field.

The enemy was met by two vessels of the Dover patrol, and in five minutes they sank at least two, and possibly three, of the German boats. The remainder escaped.

Our vessels suffered no material damage, and the casualties were exceedingly light.

The Admiralty add: We were fortunate in being able to save the lives of ten German officers and 108 men from the vessels sunk.

"Singularly generous words," is the comment of M. Marcel Hutin on the phrasing of the British communiqué announcing the rescue of German officers and men.

GERMANS ADMIT LOSSES.

Paris, Sunday.—An official communiqué from Berlin issued by the German Admiralty states: "After a naval engagement on the night of April 20-21, east of Dover, two German torpedo destroyers (G 85 and G 42) are reported lost."—Reuter.

THIRD RAIDER SUNK.

A south-east coast correspondent of the Exchange states that it is practically certain that a third German vessel was sunk in the Dover raid.

BRITISH IN TOUCH WITH FOE BEFORE GAZA.

Our Gains in Palestine Consolidated—200 Turkish Prisoners.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

Egypt.—In continuation of the communiqué issued on April 20, reports received from General Officer Commanding in Egypt indicate that his troops have consolidated the ground gains and are now in touch with the enemy main position covering Gaza.

This position extends from the sea coast near Sheikh Ahmed through Ali Muntar to the east of the town and then in a south-easterly direction to Abu Hareira.

About 200 Turkish prisoners were captured on the 19th inst.

GERMANS CLAIM "DOWNING" AIRSHIP IN FLAMES.

Foe Say Strong British Advance Was Repulsed.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

Army Group of Crown Prince Rupprecht.—At various points of the Flanders and Artois front the artillery duel increased yesterday in intensity and extent.

North of the Scarpe it increased at times to the most extreme violence. The movements of troops before our lines were caught under destructive fire.

A strong British reconnoitring advance on the northern bank of the Brook was repulsed

On the English front north-west of St. Quentin there were minor encounters in the morning.

Army Group of Crown Prince.—On the Aisne and in the Champagne the fighting was limited almost everywhere until the evening. Near Berry-au-Bac our storming troops blew up a French blockhouse with its garrison. Near Braye, Hurtebise Farm, on the Rheims-Neufchatel road, north of Prosnes, and on the western bank of the Suippes there were engagements which terminated with heavy losses to the enemy. South of Ripont a French advance was repulsed.

Army Group of Duke Albrecht.—The situation is unchanged. The enemy lost six aeroplanes in aerial battles yesterday.

Naval airmen off Nieuport brought down an enemy airship, which fell into the sea in flames.

WHITELEYS
PRACTICAL STYLES
for Girls of all ages at Special Prices THIS WEEK.

"TILL."
New Mode cut on Sailor lines, for Little Girls, 5 to 11 years. In good strong Zephyr Cambric. Blue, Pink, or Navy Stripes. A delightfully practical garment, easily laundered. Collar and Cuffs of White Piqué.
Price, for 5 years, **12/9**
Rising **1/-** each size larger.

"Till."

"GIRTON."
Practical well-made Suit, in strong reliable Navy Coating Serge; just the thing for School wear. Coat has the narrow all-round Belt, with new ring fastening. Nicely cut Skirt with front pockets.
For girls 8 to 14 years.
Price, for 8 years—
39/9
Rising **4/-** each size larger.

"Girton."

"JEANNETTE."
Ideal design for Girls in fine White Voile, the check forming Coatee effect, can be had in soft shades of Green, Pink, Saxe, or Navy. Simple but elegant style.
For 42 in. and upwards.
29/11
All sizes.

"Jeannette."

Attention is earnestly invited to this section, where special study is given to the minutest details of just that cut and make so essential to the growing girl. Many of these garments are true copies of the finest French Models, the prices, too, invite the closest comparison.

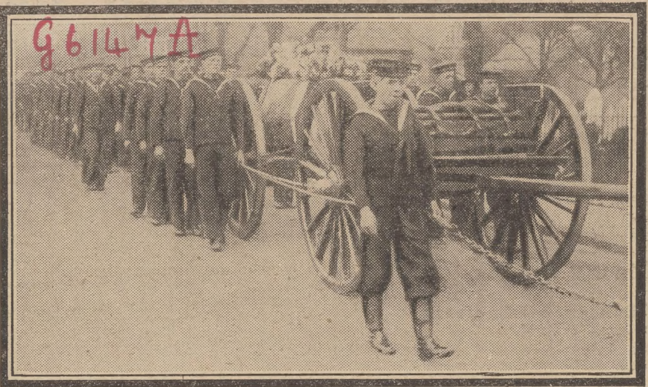
IMPORTANT NOTICE.
At the last moment before going to press we were fortunate enough to secure a Manufacturer's Stock of Girls' Clothing, comprising—

12 only Cream Coats and Skirts, sizes 7, 8, and 9. Worth 39/6 each **20/-**
79 Cream Reefers, mostly lined, best pearl buttons. For ages 4 to 12 years. Also a few Navy and Scarlet. Worth 18/11 each **12/-**
80 Navy and Cream Suiting and West of England Serge Skirts. Lengths: 24, 27, 30 and 36 ins. Worth 15/11 to 21/- each **10/-**
20 Coloured Serge Kilts on White Cotton Bodices with Knickers attached. Lengths: 22 to 36 ins. Worth 16/6 ea. **10/-**
A few Misses Shantung, Alpaca and Cotton Coats. Odd sizes and makes. Many worth 29/6 each **5/-**

This opportunity is unique, coming at the time when schoolgirls are being refitted. Although many of these garments are not the latest fashion all are good, useful shapes and are remarkable value at the prices quoted.

WM. WHITELEY LTD.
QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W. 2.

FUNERAL OF FIRE CHIEF'S SAILOR SON.



Bluejackets drawing the coffin of Engineer G. L. Harvey, R.N., son of the chief of the fire brigade at Southend-on-Sea. With six others he was drowned off the Irish coast, and the body was brought home for burial.

V.C. AT WAR CHARITY SALE AT EDINBURGH.

The Marchioness of Tweeddale.

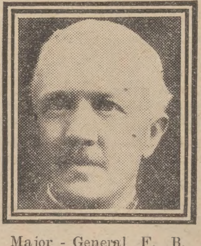
Sergeant John Ripley, V.C.

An open-air market to provide huts for women munition makers was held at Edinburgh on Saturday. It was organised by Mrs. Fletcher, who numbered among her customers Sergeant Ripley, V.C., of the Black Watch. Lady Tweeddale sold poultry and salmon.

SWORD FOR A FORMER BRIXTON CONSTABLE.

Major Tomlin presenting a sword to Second-Lieutenant A. Turner on behalf of the officers and men of the W Division, Metropolitan Police. Lieutenant Turner, who was a police constable stationed at Brixton, won his commission from the ranks.

FRENCH CROSS.



Major - General F. B. Maurice, C.B., awarded the Croix de Guerre.

MAJOR KILLED.

Major H. P. Alexander (Essex Regiment), of Leytonstone, killed in action in Egypt. He saw service in Gallipoli.

AIRMAN DEAD.

Captain Martinet, a famous French airman, who has died.—(Official.)

Harrods
BARGAIN FLOOR

Where Economy Holds the Glass of Fashion.

A HINT! Every day on Harrods Bargain Floor there is *some* Offer of such Matchless Value that the stock is all snapped up before latecomers get a chance. There is such an offer here to-day!

If you cannot come yourself, the wisest thing is to post your order *at the earliest moment*, and mark your letter "Bargain Floor," to prevent any possibility of its going astray.

RAINCOATS AND COSTUMES.

RAINPROOF COATS Fawn Twill Cloth. Lengths 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches. Superb Value **15/6** Postage 6d. extra.

MACINTOSH COAT. Fine Cashmere, rubber lined. Fawn and Reseda. 48, 50, 52, 54ins. **25/-** Postage 6d. extra.

TAILORED SUITS.—Special Line.—Smart and useful, in soft finished Suiting Serges. Latest style, as sketch. Nicely tailored and finished. In Fawn and Grey. Reduced to **39/6** Postage 6d. extra.

Underwear & Hosiery.

STOCKINGS.—Artificial Silk, with cotton tops and feet. Black or White **1/11½**

250 doz. Cotton **Stockings**, seamless feet, for hard wear. Black only. **1/-** **6** pairs for **5/6.**

All-Wool Cashmere **Stockings.** Black only **1/11½** Outsize **2/1.**

Fine Lisle Thread **Stockings,** Navy, Tan, Toney Red, Black or White **1/6½**

COMBINATIONS. (Woven Lace Yoke & V-shape neck. Short sleeves. **5/9** Outsize **6/3.**

Fine Cotton Gauze **Combinations,** V neck and short sleeves and low neck and no sleeves. **3/11**

B.F. 41.—**CAMISOLE.**—Nainsook trimmed Embroidery and Valenciennes Lace, threaded Ribbon **2/-**

SPENCERS.—Woven Cotton **1/6½** With long sleeves and Outsizes, **1/9½.**

KNICKERS. — Woven Cotton, elastic knee and waist. Navy only. W's and Outsizes. Per Pair **2/11**

B.F. 5—A Charming **Shoe** in Patent leather Golosh, with a very becoming shade of Grey Cloth top and smart Cuban heels. Also in Black. A most elegant and attractive shoe **15/9**

HARRODS LTD
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Managing Director

Daily Mirror
MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1917.

LET FOOD PATRIOTS COMBINE!

WE are at a stage when it is urgently necessary for all of us here at home to *organise ourselves*—since it is no good waiting to be organised—in the vital matter of food consumption, till the next harvest.

Bluntly and truthfully we have been told by Captain Bathurst that the present rate of consumption of breadstuffs is fifty per cent. more than the supply available between now and the autumn. To deal with this situation it is not enough (1) to trust that something will turn up to defeat the submarines in time, (2) to suggest that the upper and middle classes should go breadless in order that the poor should have bread.

More than that is wanted.

What is wanted is an organisation and an effort *reaching every class in the community*—reaching and appealing to every man, woman and child in these islands.

The Food Controller takes over all the flour mills. Cakes are more or less quelled. Afternoon tea gorging is diminished. All very good—all no doubt needed. But still not enough, because these things are but local and infinitesimal in result. To suggest that the situation can be met by Lady X giving up muffins is to joke about the situation. The good woman and all who resemble her will do well indeed to give these things up. But we shall not get through and hold on by any such sporadic and "select" efforts of the kind. *All* must sacrifice. *All* must give up a great deal. *All* must in a sense stand and range themselves beside our men at the front.

The popular idea of a League of Food Patriots commends itself by reason of this very universality to which we venture to point as an ideal. It would affect everybody. The members of the League would pledge their honour and give their word to eat at least 1lb. of bread less a week than in normal times; to give up cakes, buns and other dainties involving a use of flour; to show in the window one of the Food Control cards urging economy—and a good many of these are, by the way, already to be seen in London—and in sum to make *at once* an individual and spontaneous effort to secure from below the economy which persuasion from above has not yet satisfactorily effected.

The members of this League might have badges provided for them; though indeed the non-wearing of a badge should not be taken as a sign of "anti-patriotism"—otherwise the absurd impertinence would begin again of the officious persons who at one time made a habit of bullying those who had left their armlets at home for a day. If the scheme is to be voluntary it should remain voluntary and not take the complexion of the much-bullied "voluntarism" which immediately preceded the Military Service Act. But, if thus organised by the people for the people, it should serve admirably to emphasise the need for action, not for talk; the need for speed; the danger of delay; the need for realisation of the gravity of the position, and the folly of hesitation and speculation about what Mr. Edison is going to invent to turn submarines into sprats at sight.

A. F.

THE EMPTY PLACE.

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

—EDWARD FITZGERALD (1883).

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

How does the reasonable or ruling faculty within you make use of itself? For all lies in this. Everything else, whether it is in the power of thy will or not, is only lifeless ashes and smoke.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

BRITAIN'S "BULLRINGS" NEAR THE FRONT.

WHERE "FINISHING TOUCHES" ARE PUT TO OUR TRAINING.

By a SECOND LIEUTENANT.

(Formerly on "The Daily Mirror" Staff.)

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.—We call this vast sandy hollow surrounded by a low ridge of hills the "bullring."

It is a kind of natural amphitheatre, well adapted for bullfights or lion-taming, with accommodation for some hundreds of thousands of spectators. But the "show" that goes on here every day is more wonderful than any number of bullfights and—there is nobody to see it, except perhaps a few French children and the screaming seagulls which circle round over the dunes. The "bullring" is merely one of the many great training centres of the British Army in France where our lads are put through a sort of "freshening-up" course before they go up the lines.

"Training centre" is a dull term, suggestive of hard grinding work and monotonous routine. As a matter of fact, the work here is hard, but life is never dull or montonous.

"Tommy," with characteristic wit and cheerful good humour, at once called the place the "bullring," and as such it is now commonly known even among colonels and majors and other great ones of the earth. Officers, non-commissioned officers and men all equally go "through the mill" in order to get hard and fit for the stiff work up the lines. The recent great success of our troops is largely due to the efficiency and thoroughness of "bullring" training.

The scene, as the troops arrive in the great amphitheatre from the camps, is a most inspiring one.

Picture long lines of men in khaki all wearing steel helmets and full equipment for service in the field—men from all regiments in the British Isles and the Colonies—entering the "bullring" in one long apparently endless procession.

The moving khaki "snake" uncoils itself and battalions of men in line spring up. Within a few minutes the whole arena is filled with battalions like the ridges in a ploughed field.

THE KHAKI "SNAKE."

Imagine the crowd on Cup-tie day at the Crystal Palace leaving their seats and sorting themselves out in orderly ranks on the football ground!—that is the impression this wonderful "bullring" fall-in gives one. It is a heartening sight for the pessimist. Would that the faint-hearts and "grousers" could be transported to the "bullring" for a few minutes on any morning of the week.

There is an impressive pause as the instructors, each wearing yellow bands round their arms, enter the training ground. "'Ere come the Yellow Perils!" remarks a Cockney "Tommy." The "Yellow Perils" are a remarkable collection of men, all of them experts in their particular line. They are absolute masters of their job, whether it be that of putting up wire entanglements at lightning speed or throwing Mills' bombs with deadly and never-failing accuracy, and they are all of them born teachers, able to impart knowledge to the dullest of numskulls and turn them into efficient, self-respecting soldiers.

The instructors get busy at once. Not a second of time is wasted at the "bullring." Within a few minutes the battalions of men are split up into small parties, and they are dispersed all over the training ground to learn all there is to know about modern warfare.

A fine band plays the troops away to the camps at the close of the day's work. Only by glancing at the shoulder badges is it possible to see what regiments are passing by. All men are as alike as two peas when wearing steel helmets or "tin hats," as they are commonly called.

Tea is a heavenly feast after a day at the "bullring." The war machine, as it were, breaks up and dissolves into a sea of very lively human beings.

Such is life at one of Britain's "bullrings" "somewhere in France." They are the "sieves" through which pass the manhood of the Empire before going up the lines. And our fighting men are greatly nerved and strengthened in the process.

TEARS OF THE FLAPPER FOR LOST TEA!

Yes. She can no longer eat one hundred little biscuits and cakes. Tea can no longer be the great meal of the day. The war is affecting the flapper at last.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

SAVE, SAVE, SAVE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MAKE OUR BREAD SUPPLY LAST?

TEA v. DINNER.

WHY does "V. A." suppose tea is an "economical" meal?

As regards bread (which is the great difficulty), it is the most extravagant meal of the day. It is bread we must think of, and therefore to advocate large teas and no dinners is absurd.

Surbiton. A. L. T.

NOT "ALL BRITISH!"

TEA must be given up. But I don't agree with you when you say it is an especially British institution.

The best tea I have ever drunk is in France. And the French, when I left France, were becoming as keen about "le five o'clock" as we are about our tea at half-past four.

Putney. F. M.

"ARISE, YE DEAD!"

W. M. tells us that this splendid phrase comes from a French poet and was not invented "by the Poilu who uttered it" in the heat and frenzy of battle.

But may it not be that the Poilu in question received the same inspiration as the poet before him had. "Arise, ye dead!" That might occur to two men, I think—the one in imagination, the other with dead bodies all about him.

ADMIRER OF THE POILU.
Cromwell-road, S.W.

AMERICA'S HELP.

MAY I through your paper thank Miss Banks for her splendid article in *The Daily Mirror*?

I love England and the English, and am proud and happy to know that I partly belong to this free glorious, great little island. Also now with Miss Banks I am glad and happy to think that America has come into this great struggle for peace and freedom—on the right side.

The Belgian people, too, will rejoice to call America "Ally," whom they already have known as their friend in deed and need; for who but America could have so generously and wholeheartedly given sympathy, help and food to Belgium in her sore distress and anguish whilst under the German tyranny and oppression?

A. F. LEROY.
Highgate.

IN MY GARDEN.

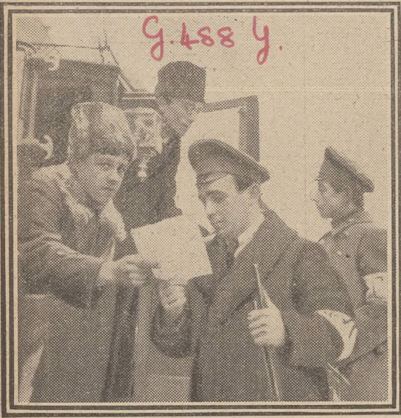
APRIL 22.—Celery sown in a frame earlier in the year may, if large enough, be pricked out into boxes of good soil. Prepare the celery trench as soon as possible.

Make it about one foot deep and fifteen inches wide. Dig up the bottom and mix it with plenty of manure. Then replace three or four inches of the top soil. On the ridges, French beans and lettuce may be grown.

Onions raised in heat may, if thoroughly hardened off, be now set out in firm, rich soil.

E. F. T.

THE NEW POLICE BUSY AT PETROGRAD.



"Everything seems quite in order."

"Produce your papers, please."

Petrograd's new police are much more polite than their predecessors. The police before the revolution were supporters of the reactionaries, and during the fighting at Petrograd fired upon the people. Their successors wear distinctive armlets and carry rifles.—(From *The Daily Mirror* staff photographer in Russia.)

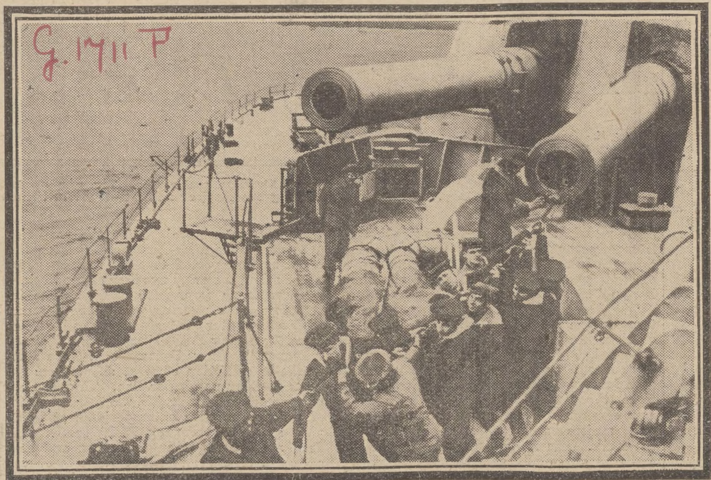
THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR—PRINCE GEORGE AS A NAVAL CADET.

The Queen, who drove through Windsor on Saturday, talking to the mayor. With her are Princess Mary, Prince George, who is seen for the first time wearing a naval cadet's uniform, and Prince Henry.

IN THE GRENADIERS.

Mr. F. Powell-Ayles, grandson of Sir Gabriel Powell, of Swansea, now an officer in the Grenadiers.

SPONGING OUT A 15-IN. GUN AFTER PRACTICE.



It takes a team of men to perform this task. The news of the brilliant little victory of the Navy has been received with the greatest delight.—(Official photograph.)

THE BATTLE OF ARRAS—A

A corner of the battlefield near Arras. A tank looking

MIRTH MAKER.

Sir Francis Burnand, a famous *Punch* editor, who died on Saturday in his eighty-first year. He wrote "Box and Cox."

Ammunition wagon left behind by th

TWO OFFICERS AND A

Lance - Corporal W. Kirby, awarded the Military Medal. He mended telephone wires under fire while our trenches were being bombarded.

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The opening chapters of "In a Gilded Cage," appear on Page 9.

...STS FROM ITS LABOURS

...st... is in the background.—(Official photograph.)

...cape.—(Official photograph.)

...TED FOR HEROISM.

Captain H. R. G. Montgomery, son of Mr. H. G. Montgomery, ex-M.P. for Bridgwater, to be decorated with the M.C. by the King on Wednesday.

WIDOW RECEIVES HUSBAND'S MEDALS.

The Colonel hands Mrs. Mercer the medals.

Samuel Mercer wearing his father's medals.

The memory of a brave man was honoured by the residents of Chingford on Saturday, when Colonel W. Graydon-Carter presented the Military Cross, the D.C.M. and bar to Mrs. Mercer, the widow of Company Sergeant-Major F. S. Mercer. Naval and military detachments, volunteers and police were present.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

ACTOR DEAD.

Mr. Harry Paulton, the well-known comedian, who has died. He scored one of his chief successes in "Niobe."

A SUNDAY MORNING REVIEW AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

The B Division of the City of London Police Reserve marching past the Lord Mayor. The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes are seen flying side by side.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

GERMAN PILOT CAPTURED UNWOUNDED.

The captured Boche, whose expression is one of extreme annoyance, is here seen being escorted to headquarters by a poilu. He was made prisoner in the west.

WAR-TIME SIMPLICITY.

For present wear. It is silver grey taffeta, the quill being of a darker shade.—(Alphonsine.)

Have your Costume Made-to-Measure.

TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES or COAT-FROCKS on EASY TERMS

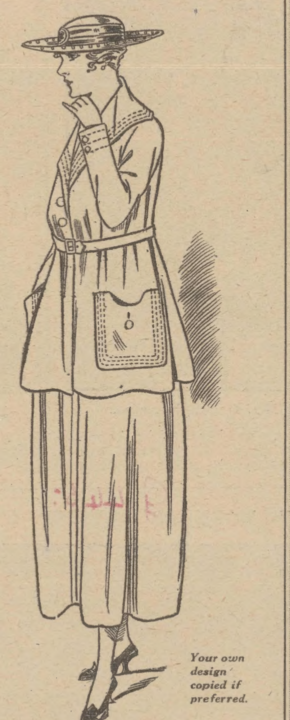
From **42/-** To Measure.

Supplied on first payment of 6/-
Balance 6/- Monthly.

Fashionable High-Grade Cloths cut in distinctive West-End style, with superior workmanship and finish.

Call at any of our Establishments for Free Patterns and Fashion Booklet, and judge for yourself the value we are giving; or write, and they will be sent free.

2/- in the £ discount if you PAY CASH.



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152, FENCHURCH ST., E.C. (op. Rood Lane).
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STYLISH SPRING WEAR at LONDON'S MOST MODERN STORE.

Pretty Delainette **Dress** in Navy Blue or Black ground, with White spots, suitable for indoor wear. Full skirt, with smart pockets, finished at neck with White Pique Collar. Waist about 26in. Length from waist 38in. **Price 7/6** *Post 4d.*

Dainty Floral Voile **Blouse**, extra fine cut and quality. Sizes—13½, 14, 14½. Colours—Pink, Sky, Saxe, Navy, Grey and Mauve. Usually 5/11½. **Price to Clear 3/9** *Including postage.*

Exceptional Bargains in dainty White Voile **Blouse.** New Handkerchief front trimmed Val. lace, finished with self buttons and elastic in waist. Sizes: 13½, 14, 14½. **Price 3/9** *Including postage.*

29/11 Charming **Coat Frock** in Serge. Full skirt finished at waist with belt inset pockets, trimmed with buttons. Well cut roll collar. In the following shades: Black, Navy, Bottle Green, Nigger, Brown, and Putty and Grey. **Price 29/11** *Postage 5d.*

TO AVOID DELAY REMITTANCE SHOULD ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS BY POST.

Charming **Hat** in fancy straw, with band and bow. *Wonderful Value* Colours; Pink, Lilac, Putty, Navy, Nigger and Green. **Price 3/6¾** *Box and Postage 10d. extra.*

Smart Glace Pompadour **Shoes.** No half sizes. **Special Price 9/11** *Postage 4d.*

DM. 460 —Special Value in Ladies' Cream Swiss Ribbed **Combinations.** Lace top. Woman's size only ... ... **2/11¾** *Postage 4d.*

"**Ardino**" **Hose**, black cashmere finish, soft, hard wearing. **Price 1/0¾** O.S. 1/2½. *Postage 2d. ex.*

ARDING & HOBBS, Ltd., CLAPHAM JUNCTION, S.W. 11. *'Phone Battersea 4.*

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. New Musical Comedy. **HIGH JINKS.** TO-NIGHT, at 8. Mat., Weds. and Sats., at 2. MARIE BLANCHE, W. H. BERRY, NELLIE TAYLOR. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel., 2645 and 8886 Ger.

AMBASSADORS.—FRIDAY NEXT, 7.45 p.m. (subsequently 8.30). Charles B. Cochran's New Revue "£150," by Walter Hackett, Lyrics by Douglas Furber, Music by Lao Silesu, Emmett Adams and Fred Sparrow. First Matinee, Monday, April 30th, 2.30.

APOLLO. (Ger. 3243.) "DOUBLE DUTCH." DAILY, 2.30 and 8.30. New Farce by Laurence Cowen. DOROTHY MINTO. FREDERIC BENTLEY.

CRITERION. The Celebrated Farce. Evenings, at 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sats., at 2.30. "A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF." 700th PERFORMANCE TO-NIGHT.

DALY'S. At 8. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." The GEORGE EDWARDES Production. Jose Collins, Mabel Sealby, Mark Lester, Thorpe Bates, Warwick Ward, Lauri de Frece. Matinees, Tues., Thurs., Sat., at 2.

DRURY LANE. TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8. Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS presents D. W. GRIFFITH'S Colossal Picture Drama, INTOLERANCE. Reserved Seats, 2s. 8d. to 8s., including tax. ('Phone 2588 Ger.)

DUKE OF YORK'S. DADDY LONG-LEGS. Rene Kelly, C. Aubrey Smith, Fay Davis. DAILY, 2.30. EVENINGS, Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., 8.15.

GAIETY. THEODORE AND CO. Nightly at 8. Mats., Weds. and Sats., 2.

GARRICK THEATRE.—ROYAL CARL ROSA COMPANY. SEASON OF GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH, commencing May 3 with TALES OF HOFFMAN, Thurs., Mat., May 3, at 2; TALES OF HOFFMAN, Thurs., Evg., May 3, at 8; CARMEN, Fri., May 4, at 8; MADAME BUTTERFLY, Sat., Mat., May 5, at 2; FAUST, Sat., Evg., May 5, at 8; THE MAGIC FLUTE, Mon., May 7, at 8; CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI, Tues., May 8, at 8; MADAME BUTTERFLY, Wed., Mat., May 9, at 2; MADAME BUTTERFLY, Wed., Evg., May 9, at 8. Box-office now open. Gerrard 9513 and all libraries.

GLOBE. To-day, at 2.30 and 8.15. Gerr. 8722. GABY DESLYS and Harry Pilcer, with Stanley Lupino, in "SUZETTE." Mats., Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HAYMARKET. At 8.30. GENERAL POST. Madge Titheradge, Lilian Braithwaite, George Tully, Norman McKinnel. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Every Evening, at 8. CHU CHIN CHOW. A Musical Tale of the East. NEW SCENES SONGS and COSTUMES. MATINEES, every Wed., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.15.

LYCEUM.—Seven Days' Leave.—Entirely New Play by Walter Howard, produced by Walter and Frederick Melville. Nightly, at 7.45. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30 Prices, 5s. to 6d. Early Doors Pit and Gallery.

LYRIC THEATRE. DORIS KEANE in "ROMANCE." OWEN NARES. CECIL HUMPHREYS. Evenings, at 8.15. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30

NEW THEATRE. Evenings, at 8.30 sharp. THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS, by J. M. Barrie. IRENE VANBRUGH, in SEVEN WOMEN, by J. M. Barrie. WURZEL-FLUMMERY, by A. A. Milne. MATINEE, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE. Evenings, at 8.30. Last Week. FORBES-ROBERTSON in THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK. By Jerome K. Jerome. Mats., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

QUEEN'S, W. "THE DOUBLE EVENT." To-day, at 2.30. Every Evening, at 8.15. ETHEL IRVING. ALLAN AYNESWORTH. Matinees, Mons., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

ROYALTY. Evenings, at 8.15. REMNANT. DENNIS EADIE. MARIE LOHR. 3 MATINEES WEEKLY. Thurs., Fri., Sats., at 2.30.

ST. JAMES', King-st, St. James, S.W. (Ger. 3903.) At 8 (Mons. exc.) THE ARISTOCRAT, by Louis N. Parker. GEORGE ALEXANDER. GENEVIEVE WARD. Matinees, Weds., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. Ger. 1243. Evgs., 8.30. Mat., Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30. FOR ADULTS ONLY. "DAMAGED GOODS." The great play on the social evil, by Brieux.

SCALA THEATRE.—Daily, 2.30 and 8.0. "SONS OF EMPIRE." Australians enter Bapaume, British Navy in Wartime. The Tanks, Verdun, Mesopotamia. Gerr. 1444.

SHAFTESBURY. "THREE CHEERS." Evenings, at 8.30. Mat., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. HARRY LAUDER. ETHEL LEVEY. Blanche Tomlin, Jack Edge.

STRAND. Matheson Lang in "Under Cover." Evgs., at 8.15. Matinees every Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE. TO-MORROW, at 2.15 and 8. HARRY GRATTAN'S new Revue, "CHEEP!" with C. Smith, A. Austin, Hal Bert, G. le Feuvre, Beatrice Lillie, T. Grattan, V. Grey, Betty and LEE WHITE.

WYNDHAM'S. "LONDON PRIDE." Evenings, at 8.15. Matinees, Weds. and Sats., 2.15. GERALD du MAURIER. MABEL RUSSELL.

* * *

ALHAMBRA. "THE BING GIRLS ARE THERE." VIOLET LORAINE. MALCOLM SCOTT. JOSEPH COYNE. Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.15.

EMPIRE.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.15. HANKY PANKY, with PHYLLIS DARE, Unity More, Mabel Funston, Rosina Skelton, Amy Augarde, Joe Nightingale, Ralph Lynn, Talbot O'Farrell and ROBERT HALE.

HIPPODROME, LONDON. Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.30. (Starts at 3 p.m. and 9 p.m.). Production by Albert de Courville. SHIRLEY KELLOGG and GEORGE ROBEY, etc. Ger. 650.

OXFORD.—MARIE LLOYD, The SHERBO AMERICAN RAGTIME Sextette, JOHN LESTER and his Funsters, The Alaskas, Derra de Moroda, and ALVA YORK, etc. Nightly, 7.55. Mats., Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.15.

PALACE.—VANITY FAIR (with New Scenes).—Cast: REGINE FLORY, GWENDOLINE BROGDEN, STANLEY LOGAN, MOYA MANNERING, FRED GROVES, GINA PALERME, OYRA, ROY ROYSTON and NELSON KEYS. Evgs., 8. Mats., WED. and SAT., 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10 and 9.—LITTLE TICH, HARRY WELDON, ELLA SHIELDS, G. H. ELLIOTT, DE MARET, PASQUALI Bros., HILL, CHERRY and HILL, WALKER'S JUVENILES and JOE ELVIN and Co.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, at 3 and 8. Easter Holiday Programme. 1545 May.

PHILHARMONIC HALL. Gt. Portland-st. CAPT. BESLEY'S MOVING PICTURES. Pacific to Atlantic. Indians, Reptiles, Birds and Wild Animals in their Native Haunts. Daily, 3 and 8. Mayfair 3003. 5s. to 1s.

PERSONAL.

A POSTCARD to Foster, 34, High Holborn, ensures you obtaining the best prices for any miscellaneous furniture and effects.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity, Ladies only.—Florence Wood, 475, Oxford-st, W.1.

*** The above advertisements are charged at the rate of eight words 4s and 6d. per word afterwards. Trade advertisements in Personal Column eight words 6s. 8d. and 10d. per word after; **name and address of sender must also be sent.**—Address, Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie-st., London.

DEATH.

WILDIG.—On the 3rd inst., Charles Ward Wildig, at Bishop Bonner, Victoria Park, London. Late of Shrewsbury.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.

A Trousseau.—24 Nightdresses, Chems., Knickers, etc., 27s. 6d. Easy terms.—Wood, 21, Queen-square, Leeds.

BABY'S Long Clothes; 50 pieces, 21/-; perfect work, very beautiful; approval.—Mrs. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

FRINGE Nets, full size, 1s. 1d. doz.; lists free.—J. Brodie, 41, Museum-st, London. Hair dyes, all colours.

REAL Navy Serge, stamped, guaranteed as supplied to Admiralty; finer qualities for ladies' and gent.'s wear; 27in. from 1s. 6½d.; 54in., 2s. 11½d. to 12s. 6d.; also black; carriage paid; write for pattern book 4, free.—J. D. Morant, Ltd., Admiralty Contractors, Portsmouth.

REAL Navy Serge, 1s. 11½d. and 2s. 6d. yd.; Flannel, 1s. 6½d. yd.—Beaumonts, D.C. Contractors, Portsmouth.

Wanted to Purchase.

ARTIFICIAL teeth (Old) bought.—Messrs. Browning, Dental Manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st, London, the Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return or offer made; call or post; est. 100 years.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (Old) Bought.—We pay as advertised; on vulcanite up to 7s. per tooth, silver 12s., gold 15s., platinum £2; immediate cash or offers; call with, or post parcels, mention "Daily Mirror," Messrs. Paget, The Reliable Firm, 219, Oxford-st, London. Estd. 150 years.

GENTS.', Ladies' discarded clothing, all kinds; old gold, silver, teeth, oddments; prompt cash.—Pearce and Co., 133, Gray's Inn-rd, London. Established 1896.

Pettit's KENSINGTON LONDON, W.8

Cash Refunded if Goods are not approved.

No. S108 Splendid Bargain. **5/11½** Post 4d. Worth much more. Very smart Tailor Cut full-fitting **Sports Coat** in soft White Pique, finished large sailor collar.

No. LV17. **6¾d.** Post 2d. Smart "Three Pleat" Sailor **Collars**, in White, Muslin. Ditto in Crepe de Chine, 1/11½. Ivory, Champagne, Sky, Pink, Vieux Rose, Navy, Saxe, or Black.

Special Offer. **1/11¾** Post 3d. Charming White **Lace Slips** to wear under Blouses, threaded ribbon. Also with full length sleeves, 2/3¾.

No. SV107. **4/6¾** Post 3d. Fashionable **Middy Coat** in White Drill, trimmed Butcher or Sky. Splendid value. Sizes: S.W., W.

Postal Orders should be crossed and notes registered.

NEW ILLUSTRATED FASHION BOOK OF BARGAINS FREE.

XV 27. 36 ins. Price **10/6** **Maid's Coat Frock.** The very latest style in silky Poplin, finished with sailor collar, self buttons and two loose hanging pockets. Sizes from back of neck to hem:— 36 39 42 45 48ins. 10/6 11/6 12/6 13/6 14/6 Colours: Black, Navy, Nigger, Saxe, Amethyst, Grey, Rose, Pink, Sky, Ivory. Worth much more.

1/0¾ 3 for 3/- Post 4d. Exceptional offer of full-size soft Fine Ribbed **Chemise Vests**, 36in. long. Also Plain with short sleeves, same price.

Note Address—

A14. **5/6** Worth 7/11. Post 4d. Very smart Smocked **Coat Overalls** of superior Casement Cloth. Colours: Rose, Amethyst, Bottle, Holland, Brown, Sky, White, Butcher, or Navy. Caps to match, 8¾d.

X2.—Price **8/11** Post 4d. Ladies' Walking **Skirt**, cut on latest lines, finished with loose belt and hanging Pockets. Made of good quality Silky Poplin. Colours:—Navy, Black, Amethyst, Saxe, Rose, Brown, Grey, Ivory, etc. Lengths:—36, 38, 40in.

REMARKABLE OFFER. No. XU 65. **6/11** Part Post 4d. This Charming **Frock** is made of Navy or Black Delainette with White Spots, full fitting Finished with hemstitched revers, White collar and two fancy pockets. Skirt lengths: 34in., 36in., 38in., 40in.

—PETTIT'S, 191-195, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.8.—

READ THE OPENING INSTALMENT OF THIS GRAND STORY TO-DAY

IN A GILDED CAGE

By MARK ALLERTON

Peggy Lorraine.

CHAPTER I.

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

BURIED in one of the deep chairs in the smoke-room of the Hotel Majestic, Frank Bettison stretched himself luxuriously.

He was a man whom it did one good to watch. He had the merry blue eyes of a boy, the ready laugh of exuberant youth, and the firm jaw of a man who has set out to do things all by himself, and who has done them and is consequently at peace with the world.

"It's good to be back," he cried. "It's so good that it's worth spending ten years in the wilderness for. It's good to hear the sounds of London after that eternal silence. It's good to see the old landmarks again. And you can't think how glad I am to see you."

The other man, slimmer and slighter than big, loose-limbed Bettison, laughed.

"But why did you never write?" he asked. "I'd given you up for lost years ago. When I got your wire this morning I could scarcely believe my eyes."

"Yet you came right away to see me! Now, I'll tell you why I didn't write. It was because when you live in the wilderness you forget the first uses of pen and paper."

"And you've made your fortune?" Clive Harlowe stroked his close-clipped, dark moustache as he spoke.

"That I haven't. I've made money, and I might have made a fortune if I'd stayed on."

"Yet you came back?"

"Yet I came back."

"Why?"

"Why? I could give you a dozen reasons, each of them ridiculous, most of them wrong. And if I give you the right one you'll laugh at me."

"I swear I won't, Frank."

"Yes, you would. I've told only one man and he called me names. I can mind some. A crank, a visionary, a what d'ye call it? I know—an idealist. But he was wrong. I was only a man who had got tired of the wilderness and who——" Frank Bettison broke off suddenly.

"Yes?"

"And who had dreams of Paradise," he concluded softly.

"Paradise?" Clive Harlowe smiled. "Then there's a girl in it?"

"Yes . . . there's a girl in it."

"And you've given up all you've told me about to come back to her?"

"The girl I'm thinking about is worth more than I've given up, Clive."

"Who is she?"

"You wouldn't know her. She was only a nipper when I left—a girl of about twelve. And the dearest and sweetest, too. She was the daughter of the man who was a second father to me. And now laugh at me if you dare, but I'm going to tell you this. All these years I've thought of that little girl. I've pictured her growing up to lovely womanhood. I've remembered her sweet sayings, her sweet actions. And now I've come back to claim her."

"After ten years?"

"After ten years."

"She's probably married and the mother of a family by this time."

Frank Bettison roared with laughter.

"You know only half my story," he cried. "Most of the rest I mean to keep to myself. But I'll tell you one bit. Before I left Peggy asked me if I'd marry her when she grew up."

Who?"

"Peggy. And I said I would, and we shook hands on it. And Peggy would never forget. She knows what I've been doing all this time. I've seen to that. She knows that I've been getting ready to claim her. But there—I can't tell you the whole story."

"I should say that the rest of the story must explain a lot," laughed the other. "You're the limit, the absolute limit, Frank. For sheer sentiment——"

"Now, don't you talk to me of sentiment," interrupted the other. "I have heard enough about sentiment to last me a lifetime. If you ask me, there's not much wrong with sentiment. It keeps a man on the rails when he's going full steam ahead. It keeps him sane when there's nothing doing and the wilderness threatens to choke him. Wait till you've lived my life before you sneer at sentiment. Now, Peggy——"

"What's her other name?" Clive Harlowe spoke sharply.

"Lorraine." Bettison was engaged in lighting a cigarette as he replied. "As I say, old Lorraine was. . . ."

Clive Harlowe had risen to his feet.

"Peggy Lorraine?" he repeated. "Was her father a Sussex man?"

"The very same. Do you know her?"

By this time Frank Bettison was also on his feet, his eyes shining with enthusiasm.

Clive Harlowe did not immediately reply. His gloves lay on the chair he had vacated. He stooped to pick them up. The operation took longer than was necessary.

He was thinking very hard. He had to make up his mind, and at once. His duty to his friend claimed his candour. But candour meant the almost certain shattering of his plans.

How could he tell his friend that Peggy—this self-same Peggy—was his heart's desire? No one knew better than he how often his friend's name was on the girl's lips.

He hesitated, and duty went to the winds.

Did he know Peggy! Bettison's question jarred on Clive's nerves. Evidently he had forgotten—or perhaps he never knew—that he had known Peggy for years.

"Tell me about her, Clive."

"I—there's scarcely anything I can tell." Clive Harlowe spoke slowly, with obvious embarrassment. "Queer, you coming back for Peggy. I mean——"

"Why queer?" Bettison looked puzzled.

"Well it's not like you, you know. You were always such a matter-of-fact chap, and—and all that. When are you going to see Miss Lorraine?"

"To-morrow—to-night, maybe. As soon as possible."

"I see. Then I shan't detain you. I——"

"You're not going, surely! Just when we've hit on something really worth talking about. Now, Peggy——"

"I must go, Frank. I should very much like to stay, but I'm sorry to say I've an appointment." Harlowe spoke hurriedly. "I only looked in on my way to see you. We'll have many merry meetings in the days to come."

"That we shall!" cried Bettison, heartily. "And if you must go, then a thousand thanks for coming to see me right away. Till to-morrow, shall we say?"

The two men shook hands. The two men who were so unlike each other, the one who had lived in the sunshine and open spaces, and the other who had been nursed by the town, the two men who were friends.

Clive Harlowe's departure was almost precipitate. Bettison watched him go. Then he sat down and chuckled. It was good to be back.

ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE.

CLIVE HARLOWE hurried from the hotel with almost frantic eagerness. He wanted to be alone. He wanted to think things out, to face the incredible situation that had arisen.

Back from what he had called the wilderness had come his friend, Frank Bettison, his chum of the old days when they had shared the same office desk.

A telegram notifying his arrival and his address had broken the silence of all these years. And Clive had hurried to meet him only to learn that Frank Bettison had come back to find a paradise that was his own avernus. He had come back to claim Peggy—his Peggy, he had called her. By what right? By none at all. For ten years he had disappeared. Nobody had heard of him during that time save by rumour. Yet because of a child's foolish question he cherished the belief that Peggy would be waiting for him whenever he came back.

It was preposterous. It was sheer sentimental insanity. But Clive Harlowe feared his friend and distrusted himself.

"Have you ever heard her speak about me?" Bettison had asked.

Clive Harlowe hesitated. He knew how often the name of Frank Bettison had been on Peggy's lips, how dear it was to her heart. For two years now he had sought to conquer this influence. He had fought it with the ardency of his wooing. He had fought it with appeals and entreaties, with plotting and counter-plotting. And now, when victory was almost within his grasp, here was Frank Bettison back from the unknown to snatch his prize from him.

It must not come to pass! Clive Harlowe forced himself to think clearly. There was no time to lose. That very night Frank Bettison might seek out Peggy, confronting her with dramatic suddenness and taking by assault that on which he had laid siege for so long.

Clive Harlowe made up his mind to run no risks. Now and without delay he would press the advantage he still held. All was fair in love.

He hailed a cab and, giving the driver an address in West Kensington, jumped in. As he was driven off, he kept looking at his watch, and the fingers that held it trembled. When he told himself that all was fair in love he knew that he lied. He could not get out of his mind the big, unsophisticated, trusting man he had just left—the man who had been his friend, the man who had called first to him to give him the glad hand of welcome. He sought to brace himself in his resolve by arguing that Frank's acceptance of this girl's continued affection was folly and his long silence an insult.

He told himself that he was claiming what another man had neglected. What could Frank Bettison remember of Peggy Lorraine? He had left her as a child. In his eyes she must still be a child, dear to him because of old associations, no doubt. He could not know that now she was as beautiful and as alluring as a spring morning, a girl like a flower half opening as at the beckoning of the sweet sunshine. Let him go back to his wilderness and give up Peggy to the man who had done his wooing.

All was fair in love.

The cab drew up at a block of flats. Clive Harlowe alighted. The crisis was at hand.

The girl who rose to greet him was little over twenty. She was of medium height and the spartan plainness of her blouse and skirt revealed the slender roundness of her figure.

Her hair was a trap to catch the sunbeams. Her eyes, of forget-me-not blue, were full of expression. They were eyes that could be full of limpid softness, as though painted by a Greuze. They were eyes that could hold all the laughter of youth. But now they looked a little troubled. Clive Harlowe's manner told her his mission.

"I've been painting a silly old miniature all day," she said, "and I simply can't get it right. Aunt Gwen has gone out to tea, and she hasn't come home yet. And I'm not really a pleasant person for anyone to call on."

She spoke quickly, nervously, not looking at him as she spoke. He watched her with eyes that were very bright, very hard.

"What's worrying you, Peggy?"

The girl dropped listlessly into a chair.

"Oh, I don't know. Nothing. I think it's the weather. Will this rain ever stop? Can I offer you tea at this hour?"

She spoke rapidly and at random, making a vain endeavour to prevent him from saying what she knew he had come to say.

"No, thanks. I want to talk to you, Peggy. I'm so glad you're alone."

His voice was low and nervous. He sat beside her, his eyes for a moment on the floor. Then he leant forward, grasping her hand.

"Peggy! I can't keep on any longer," he said, hoarsely. "I've tried my hardest to do as you asked. I can't do it any longer. And what's the good of waiting—waiting—waiting? Youth won't wait for us, Peggy. I've been patient, but I want you now. I want you to tell me now that you'll marry me. Then I'll wait with all the joy in the world. You'd be mine, then. Mine to look after. Mine to live for. But it's this uncertainty—I can't stand it, Peggy."

His emotion was terribly real. It frightened her. The muscles of his thin, pale face, with its sharply-cut features, were strained with anxiety. His eyes were bright with frantic eagerness. He had wooed her before, but never with this passionate eagerness.

She raised her white hands to her cheeks, pressing them hard. Then she rose to her feet.

"What can I say?" she whispered, almost to herself.

"Just that one day—one day you'll be my wife. I shall be content with that, Peggy. I shall be happy with that—happier than any other man. Why do you hesitate, Peggy? I love you—ah! no man ever loved as I do. There isn't anybody else, Peggy? You said there wasn't. Tell me so again."

She turned away. For a moment she did not speak. Then, "There isn't anybody else, Clive," she said, in a low voice. "But—but—oh! I don't know. How I wish I did know!"

"Know what—whether you love me or not? Then give me the chance of winning your love. I'll be good to you, Peggy—so good!"

"You're always good to me, Clive—good to us. That's what makes me feel so—so dreadful. Oh, can't you understand?" she cried.

He sprang to her side. He caught her wrists and drew her towards him.

"You'll tell me now?" he said, in a voice that trembled. "You will tell me now whether you will marry me or not. If you send me away you will never see me again. I shall go right out of your life and try to forget you. There would be nothing else to do. But if you say 'Yes' . . . Oh, Peggy, Peggy, don't torture me!"

The girl drew her hands from him and retreated a step. Then she raised the little head that she carried so proudly. "Yes, you're quite right, Clive," she said slowly. "I must make up my mind. I hate myself for the way I've treated you. But there's something—something I can't forget.'

Again she seemed to be addressing only herself.

"What is that?"

"Something that happened so long ago that there are times when I wonder if it really ever did happen. But, Clive"—her eyes were upon him now, tender and solicitous—"I'll let you know to-night. Go now, please. But I'll write you for certain to-night."

"But why? Why? Tell me now. You must tell me now."

"No. Leave me alone—for just this little while. Then I'll write."

"No, no."

"Yes. I must be alone for just this little, little while."

"Then I shall come back to you."

"No. Listen, Clive. You will do as I wish." Now she was speaking firmly. "It's a condition." Then she caught his hand. "Clive, I'd give the world to be able to make you happy, if all the world could be happy, too."

"At present I think only of myself," he said, bitterly. "Well, I'll go. And if you write that you can't marry me you'll never see me again."

He turned away, his head bowed.

"Clive!" she cried.

But he was gone.

WOMEN MUST WAIT.

BY the fire sat Peggy Lorraine, her hands outstretched to the blaze. She suddenly felt cold, although the weather, though wet, was warm, and the room well heated. Now and again she drew her shoulders together with a quick shuddering.

It was inevitable that her aunt should return very soon And she needed these moments alone—urgently needed them.

She had to make up her mind. She had now to face the biggest issue that had ever occurred in her life, an issue pregnant with joy or sorrow. She must give Clive Harlowe his definite answer.

She reviewed the past. The more distant happenings were shadowy and indistinct. She had a vision of halcyon days of girlhood with her father as companion, the most irresponsible, the most Bohemian, the most loving of fathers. And there had been Frank Bettison in those days, the big, devoted youth whom she had adored. Then the crash had come, the crash that had swept her father to his grave, bewildered, distraught and amazed at the fortune that could use him so badly. And then again it had been big Frank Bettison who had come to her and comforted her. They had loved each other in those days. She knew that he had loved her then, just as she knew that she loved him still. But he had gone away, and after that there had been silence.

Then there had followed days at a cheap boarding school, and after that the entry of her aunt into her life. Peggy knew that if she were ever able to order her life afresh she would keep her aunt out of it. She could not understand her aunt. There was some barrier between them that nothing on earth could remove. Yet her aunt was very kind to her. All the overtures for friendship came from Aunt Gwen—from Aunt Gwen, apt to be frivolous, jealous of what remained of her youth, large-hearted and generous.

Peggy Lorraine had sought to earn her living by painting, and she had gone in for miniatures, and had earned from her art just enough to make her reluctant to give it up and exchange it for typing or something not so interesting, but perhaps more remunerative. . . .

And then Clive Harlowe had come along, first of all to play bridge, and latterly to play the lover. He had been very kind to the two little women in the West Kensington flat. Aunt Gwen was charmed with him. He bought her flowers and sent her theatre tickets and lost to her most joyfully at cards. But all this was done because of Peggy.

Peggy threw a log on to the fire and the sparks flew upwards. . . .

Why couldn't she marry Clive? But, of course, she could. Why, then, didn't she want to? Or did she want to? He was moderately well off; he was very generous; he was a good man, chivalrous and loyal. He was far too good for her. And yet she hesitated.

In the dancing flames there took the shape of a great, loose-limbed boy with the rarest of smiles and the most honest of eyes. He had a deep, musical voice, and what he was saying was:—

"That's a bargain, Peggy, my girl. Give me your hand on it. Now, don't you forget. I'm going away. I'm going away so that I can look after you the better. Maybe you'll understand one day what I mean. But I shall be back. I shall be back one day to claim the fulfilment of your promise. We've always been pals. And we always will be pals. God bless you, little girl!"

He had kissed her, holding her face between his hands, and looking into her eyes with that queer, almost childish gaze of his. She could feel that kiss on her lips now——

She trembled again.

Then had come that awful silence. A silence that could only be explained by the death of that big boy of hers.

And now she must really make up her mind.

There was something so dreadfully final about it all. She had it in her power to make Clive Harlowe happy. She wanted to make him happy. His love for her was very dear to her, was cherished by her. On the one hand was Clive Harlowe—waiting. On the other was the passing of her dearest dream of all, the dream that had brought to her roseate thoughts, pulsating with hope.

What did the future hold in store for her?

As regards her aunt's financial position she knew nothing. They always had enough, but little more, and her aunt had sometimes alluded to the wonderful goodness of friends—or of a friend. It often puzzled Peggy to know where the means came from, but she had never dared to ask.

The door was suddenly opened, and her aunt come noisily into the room, a handsome pleasant-faced woman, inclined to be stout, with hair ominously auburn, and restless eyes.

"My dear! Why do you sit in the dark? You'll have another of your moods. For goodness sake don't tell me that you've got one already. I couldn't bear it. I'm all on edge myself."

Peggy looked into the fire.

"Has anyone called?" she continued.

"Yes," said Peggy. "Clive."

"Oh!" The elder woman paused for a moment. "What's happened?" she asked

(Continued on page 11.)

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

Mr. Samuel Gompers.

Mr. Bowerman, M.P.

LABOUR AND AMERICA.

Mr. Balfour to Meet Marshal Joffre in Washington.

I HEAR that the visit of Mr. C. W. Bowerman, M.P., and Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., to America will have large effect on the labour policies of both countries. The primary cause of their visit is that American labour wants advice based on the experience and the policy of British labour. Two better advisers than Mr. Thomas and Mr. Bowerman ("Charlie," as everyone calls him) could hardly be found.

Joint After-War Action.

I AM TOLD that they expect to be in the States for several weeks. The result of their visit will be far-reaching, for I hear that there is a growing idea for a common labour policy in the two countries after the war. There may be important joint action by organised labour in all Allied countries.

The American Henderson.

I HEAR THAT Mr. Samuel Gompers, the leader of American labour, has been appointed by President Wilson to a position like the one Mr. Henderson holds here. It was Mr. Gompers who cabled asking for British assistance.

Mr. Balfour's Visit.

MR. BALFOUR'S VISIT to America was one of the most open secrets known to Fleet-street since the war began. It seems to be generally agreed that he is the right man for the job and that he is just the type of statesman to hit things off admirably with President Wilson.

Snakes to Scotch.

THERE ARE several matters in America which Mr. Balfour has to see about besides the co-ordination of our military efforts. There is the Irish Separatist movement, for instance, and the Indian Seditionist movement, which has its headquarters in California.

A Friendship Renewed.

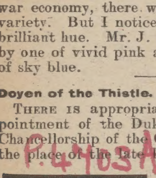
WHEN MARSHAL JOFFRE joins Mr. Balfour in Washington a very warm friendship will be renewed. During his visits to London Marshal Joffre has always made a point of spending as much time as possible with Mr. Balfour. It was Marshal Joffre who said of Mr. Balfour, after a famous Paris conference: "He is one of the rarest things alive—a thinker who acts."

M.P.s Colour Scheme.

AT THIS time of the year the aspect of the House of Commons is generally brightened by the appearance of M.P.s in waistcoats of varied colours. Last week, possibly owing to war economy, there were none of the fancy variety. But I noticed one or two shirts of brilliant hue. Mr. J. M. Hogge was adorned by one of vivid pink and Mr. Dillon by one of sky blue.

Doyen of the Thistle.

THERE IS appropriateness about the appointment of the Duke of Montrose to the Chancellorship of the Order of the Thistle in the place of the late Duke of Atholl. He is the doyen of the Knights, and entered the Order in 1879 on the recommendation of Earl Beaconsfield.



The Duke of Montrose.

Importunate Peer.

TALKING of the Order of the Thistle, I am reminded of the droll story told of Disraeli in connection therewith. An importunate Scottish peer was desirous of the decoration, but Disraeli objected, saying wittily that if he granted it to him the peer might eat it.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Food Patriots' League.

EVERYWHERE I went yesterday I found people discussing the excellent suggestion for a League of Food Patriots made by the *Sunday Pictorial*. The idea of badging the League with buttons so that we will know who is for economy in these hours of food crisis and who is not, is certain to become popular if the thing is done in the proper spirit.

High Spirits.

I CAUGHT a brief glimpse of the Prime Minister on his return to England on Saturday. He looked in splendid health and spirits and just bubbling over with optimism. "What a contrast," said a friend of his, "to when he came back from France in the shell shortage time."

Old Friends Meet.

ONE OF THE first persons to meet Mr. Lloyd George on his arrival in London was an old Welsh schoolmaster whom he had not seen for many years. The Prime Minister recognised him at once, stopped, and for a few minutes chatted over the village politics of long ago. For a brief interlude he forgot the war.

The Idea Merchants.

EVERYONE is speculating about the Budget, but I hear that taxation "novelties" will be few. I hear from a Treasury man that during the last few weeks the post bag has been full of crank schemes for money-raising sent by amateur chancellors. Unfortunately for them the Treasury has a capacious W.P.B.

Cheerioh.

NAVAL MEN were full of the "Cheerioh" spirit yesterday. Our fine little destroyer victory off Dover will do much to teach the Germans that they can play the tip and run game at sea once too often.

Miss Avice Kelham, who is appearing with Mr. Leslie Henson at the Kitchener Club House for Soldiers to-morrow.

Murray Carson.

DEATH is dealing hardly with us just now. On Saturday I was shocked to hear of the death of my friend Mr. Murray Carson. As the author of "Rosemary" and the best "Devil's Disciple" who ever trod the boards he will be cherished for long in many memories. He was an ardent Catholic, and I last met him in Westminster Cathedral.

A Dead Poet.

ANOTHER FRIEND of mine who died last week was Mr. J. A. Nicklin, the poet and essayist. He was a gentle creature, who always seemed out of place in the hurly-burly of Fleet-street. Apart from his genius for letters, he was one of the ablest political writers that Liberalism has produced.

Lord Rhondda and Windsor Castle.

THE PRESIDENT of the Local Government Board and Lady Rhondda were distressed at being unable to obey the command of his Majesty to be his guests at Windsor Castle. Lord Rhondda has been suffering from influenza, and is now confined to his room at Llanwern.

Lord Rhondda's Farming Activities.

MOST PEOPLE ASSOCIATE "D.A." (as he is familiarly called in South Wales) with huge colliery undertakings, but he has also been one of the most successful farmers in the Principality, and has been successful with prize Hereford stock.

Removal of Dead Knights' Banners.

AT THE COMMEMORATION service of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, in the Chapel of the Order in St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday, the banners of the two Knights Grand Cross who died last year (Lord Jersey and Sir Charles Tapper) were removed, and the banners of their successors (Lord Dudley and Lord Robson) were hung in their place.

In the Hands of His Characters.

WHEN I SAW my friend Mr. Mark Allerton on Saturday he was talking with enthusiasm about his new story, the opening instalment of which appears to-day. He told me that he has been working tremendously hard on it—or, as he put it, the people in the story have been making him work harder than he has ever worked before.

His Severest Critic.

MR. MARK ALLERTON is not easily pleased with his own work, by the way. He is a merciless critic of himself, and I know that he has destroyed completed stories which have not satisfied him. So, when he says that "In a Gilded Cage" is the best serial he has ever written, it is not too much to expect something extra special—and my readers will not be disappointed when they have read the opening instalment.

The Scarcity of Timetables.

HAVE YOU NOTICED how scarce railway timetables have become. They are as rare as first editions. I searched shops for half an hour on Saturday and failed to get one. In my "suburban retreat" I met with the same failure; triumphing in the end by loaning one for the evening at the published price of ninepence. Moral: Never lend your timetable.

It Can't Be Done.

THE FOLLOWING NOTICE is displayed at a South London railway station:—"Spend your holidays in the North of France, three and a half hours from London." We prefer spending our holidays at home this year, thank you. As for the three and a half hours from London—well, we will leave it to you to try.

Woman Lamplighter.

YET ANOTHER TRADE has fallen into the hands of the weaker (?) sex. I saw a woman lamplighter at work last night. I now expect to see a "lamplighteress" climbing a post to fit a new mantle, with the usual host of curious urchins about her.

Bravo "Specials."

THE CHAIRMAN of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary Motor-Ambulance Fund told me yesterday that they had already ordered thirty motor-ambulances for the front, and they hope soon to be able to add to this number.

The Marquis' Duties.

IT IS JUST a hundred years since a daughter of the Cecil family was married in the little Hatfield church. Lady Mary's wedding on Saturday to the Marquis of Hartington was therefore a great event. Lord Dalkeith, the best man, early in the morning was taken by Lady Salisbury to the aged verger to be instructed in his duties.

The Littlest Bridesmaid.

LADY BEATRICE ORMSBY-GORE'S two-year-old daughter, a bridesmaid, was almost as notable a figure as the bride. She started singing hymns before the organist began tuning up, and was only prevented from exploring the church by the small son of the Hon. Mrs. Astor.

The Old Nurse.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, the Duchess of Portland and all the guests stopped to talk to the bridegroom's old nurse, who came to see him married. Another interested spectator was the nurse of his seven-year-old sister, Lady Anne, who had promised her charge, now in Canada, a full account of the day. She was proudly showing a miniature that Lady Anne had had painted for her before she went away and snapshots of the pretty child skating in Canada with her father the Duke-Governor.

Lady Annesley.

Siberian Song.

PRISCILLA LADY ANNESLEY is a lover of music. On Saturday night I met her at a Russian concert at the Music Club. Afterwards I saw her discussing the Revolution Hymn played by M. Bornoff. Russians in the past have been exiled to Siberia for singing the hymn, which ends: "Arise! the hour of liberty has struck, and, Russia, thou art free."

THE RAMBLER.

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IMPORTANT SALE TO-DAY

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Write for Special List of WOMEN'S NATIONAL SERVICE SUITS

DERRY & TOMS

In the Royal Borough of Kensington

Turn to Page 9 for Opening Chapters.

IN A GILDED CAGE

(Continued from Page 9.)

sharply. "Something has happened, I know. Is it that Clive has asked you to marry him?"

"I wanted to talk to you about it," said Peggy hesitatingly.

"Has he proposed to you to-day?"

"Yes. And—and I've got to give him my answer to-night."

"And why shouldn't you accept him? He loves you—and that is everything in the world—it is all that really matters."

Aunt Gwen broke off. There was silence. Then she spoke again, coming over to Peggy and laying her hand caressingly on her shoulder.

"I know whom it is you're thinking of," she said. "What's the use? What on earth's the use, Peggy? He's gone. He'll never come back. But the other man is here—and he loves you. And if you send him away, then you'll rue it to the end of your days—as I have done—as I have done. Man was not made to live alone. Neither was woman, my dearest child. It is awful to grow old—alone. I want you to be happy. I believe I am advising you for your happiness. If I'm wrong . . . You must do as you think best, Peggy, my own. Heaven grant you may do what is right!"

And Aunt Gwen, with a tragic gesture, left the room.

PEGGY'S ANSWER.

AN hour later Peggy Lorraine rose from the desk at which she had been writing. She tilted the shade of the electric lamp so that she could the more easily see what she had written.

"My dear Clive," she read, "I couldn't tell you right off to-night whether I would marry you or not, because I wanted to think out whether it would be right or wrong. I know you love me. I realise how good you have been to both of us. What I didn't know is whether I loved you or not. And you've been far, far too good and considerate to me. But if I didn't really love you it wouldn't be fair to you if I married you, would it?

"But now I've made up my mind. I shall marry you, dear Clive, and be, oh! so good to you. This is my promise, and I shall live to fulfil it. I must love you, mustn't I? Because I like you so very much.

"Please forgive this queer letter. I feel so miserable to-night!—Your own Peggy."

She made to tear the letter up. The last sentence struck her as being outrageous. But instead she put it into its envelope. She could not bring herself to write it all over again. What she had written was at least spontaneous. And she really was miserable—miserable and afraid. Life just now was a strange, contrary business. She felt so hopelessly incompetent to deal with it. And there was nobody to advise her. She wished her father were alive. Or Frank. Aunt Gwen had come too late into her life to be a real confidante.

When she had sealed the envelope she held it tensely.

"I do hope I'm doing right," she murmured aloud. Then she went quickly to the door

"I'm just going out to post a letter," she called to her aunt.

"All right. You'll dine out with me to-night, won't you?"

"Not to-night, aunt, dear, if you don't mind," replied Peggy. "I've got rather a bad headache."

"As you like. I may be gone when you get back."

Peggy left the flat. On the landing she heard a girl playing and singing in the adjoining flat. She was playing one of the Indian love lyrics. The eloquent chords of the opening bars fascinated her.

In the street Peggy stopped for a moment. She was passionately fond of music, and through an open window came the voice of the singer.

"Pale hands I loved beside the shalimar.
Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?"

Clear, resolute accents rang out, to Peggy infinitely pathetic. She blamed her artistic temperament.

"I'm all moods," she said to herself. "Moods, moods, nothing but moods! Poor old Clive! I'll have to try so hard to make him happy."

She ran on through the rain-splashed streets. Now the moon was shining, clear and liquid, through the dark blue sky across which the April wind was sending fleecy clouds scurrying.

"Pale hands I loved beside the shalimar!"

The words that beat upon Peggy's brain. They brought to her a thousand suggestions and memories. They depressed her infinitely. They filled her with a conviction of wrongdoing.

"That's a bargain, Peggy, my girl . . . give me your hand on it . . . Now, don't you forget . . ."

As if she could forget. But he had forgotten. Or had he died?

The evening air was chill. Peggy pulled her cloak about her and hurried on.

"Pale hands I loved——"

Would that air never go out of her head? She hated it, hated it. It brought to her thoughts of Eastern nights, and the soft air, and the deep, gentle voice of the man of her dreams.

At the pillar-box she stopped. She counted three, finding courage in the childish resolution, and then dropped the letter to Clive Harlowe into the box.

Slowly she retraced her steps. The occupants of the blocks of flats were starting out to dinner. Whistles for taxicabs rent the air. She scarcely heard them. All she heard was a song—a song that told of the might-have-beens.

"I'm a fool—a little fool!" she told herself. "To-morrow I must pull myself together. I must face things. I'm a very lucky girl. When will I realise that?"

Slowly she made her way back to the flat. A window was open, and through it came the sound of the singer she had heard before.

"A little love, a little kiss,
To me it means a world of bliss. . ."

A man's deep voice interrupted the singer. Then there was the sound of light laughter.

The laughter seemed to mock at her. It filled her with a foreboding she could not account for.

She walked past the flat, hoping, by putting off time, to find on her return that her aunt was gone. She wanted to be alone—to be alone, so that she might strengthen herself in her new resolutions. The future, shadowy before and now startlingly clear, demanded these new resolutions. She was to marry Clive. From now onwards she must open her heart to Clive. He had a right that she should share it with no one else.

When she returned to the flat she found that she had forgotten to bring her latchkey with her. She rattled the lid of the letter-box. The maid obeyed the signal and opened the door.

"A gentleman has called to see you, miss," she said. "He is in the drawing-room."

"A gentleman? What is his name?"

"He would not say, miss. He said that he wanted to give you a surprise."

For a moment Peggy stood stock still.

"What is he like?" she demanded sharply.

"Very tall, miss, and broad and——"

The girl stopped, checked by the look of horror on Peggy's face. Had the incredible happened? Had the silence of those years become articulate?

It was not to be believed. Fate could not play her so sorry a jest. She was beginning to imagine things. She strove to compromise with a quick gasp.

She gripped the back of a chair to steady herself. Then, even as she moved forward, the drawing-room door was flung open.

Frank Bettison stood there.

Another long instalment of this splendid story will be published to-morrow.

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NEW BLOUSES for SPRING and SUNSHINE WEAR

FASHIONS THAT FURTHER THRIFT.

Strange as it Seems to the Eye, "Tunic" Spells "Economy."

THERE'S no fashion so welcome to the economiser as the two-stuff gown, unless, indeed, it's the shoulder-to-hem tunic.

⊙ ⊙ ⊙

THESE long, straight tunics which open all down the front are life doublers to the serge gown of yesterday. Where the "tired" places are—at hems, armholes and belt line—there is legitimate reason for a charitable hiding under embroideries stitched on these Georgette tunics.

⊙ ⊙ ⊙

BUT none of these—tunic or two-stuff gowns—will oust the jumper from its winning point this year. Checks, somewhat of a plaidlike way of life, are beginning to show themselves in voiles over one-colour skirts. And then there's the simplest sort to wear over a shepherd's plaid skirt

⊙ ⊙ ⊙

THERE are now separate belts, tight and deep, made of gay embroideries to pull in the line of the severer tunics, and they grow fast into rivals of the fringed sash. The high-crowned sports hats one wears with jumpers have matching bands, embroidered or sashed.

The looped skirt is here expressing itself in salmon cloth and pearly ninon. Its companion fashions a similar outline through piped pockets.

PETER LYSTER: THE MAN WHO FORGOT.

ONLY THE BEGINNING.

IT seemed a long time to Nan before Lyster answered her. He stood there in the queer half-light looking past her into the wood, and there was a deep sadness in his face.

Then he said slowly, as if he were choosing his words:—

"I don't know how to answer that question, dear, but it seems to me that I have always loved you—I must always have loved you, Nan, because no other woman has ever interested me."

She did not raise her eyes, but there was still something she felt she must say.

"There is Mrs. Mears . . ." she said, in a whisper.

There was a moment of amazed silence; then Peter laughed. He laughed with such frank surprise and tender scorn that tears of relief stung Nan's eyes.

"You're not serious now, Nan," he said. "As if I ever gave her a serious thought! She was very good to me, but if we were ever alone she always talked about her husband, poor chap! If ever a woman loved a man I should say that she loved him."

"Mr. Sefton told me——" Nan began hurriedly; but Peter stopped her.

"I forbid you to speak that man's name. He never spoke the truth in all his life. I hope you will never see him again. I should think if he's got any sense he'll clear out of Gaddesden. I took good care to let everyone know how he tried to thrash Claudie, and that's not a pleasant thing for a man to have up against him."

"You forget that father owes him money. He'll be more bitter than ever now."

"Your father owes him nothing. Nan, have you forgotten that I'm not quite a pauper?"

She raised startled eyes to his face.

"You mean that you—you paid him?" she asked in a whisper.

"I would do a great deal more than that for you." He took her face in the hollow of his hands. "Nan, I shall never be able to make it up to you—if I live to be a hundred—for these last weeks." She shivered a little.

"I want to forget them. I don't want ever to think of them again."

She knew that already they were slipping slowly into the background; that already the dreadful feeling of happiness irrevocably lost was less acute in her heart. She felt as if she were trying to remember some terrible pain which she had once experienced, but which was slowly fading from her memory.

She laid her cheek against Peter's arm with a little sigh.

"I ought to be going back," she said. "Joan will wonder where I am. I never told her I was coming out."

"You're not going back till you say that you've quite forgiven me—till you say that everything is just as it was, only better—that you love me quite as well—that you never cared a straw for Sefton, or John Arnott." His voice grew suddenly grave. "Nan, supposing you'd married somebody else, and I had not found out till too late that—that you——" He put his arms round her with sudden fierceness. "I think it would have killed me," he said passionately.

Nan put her arms round his neck and laid her cheek to his. Somehow it seemed quite easy now to let him know how much she cared. She marvelled that in the old days she had been rather shy and undemonstrative.

"And darling—when will you marry me?" Peter asked in a whisper.

She stirred uneasily. "Peter—there are the boys; I can't leave them."

"I don't ask you to—except for a honeymoon; you can't expect me to take them all along with us?" he submitted whimsically. She laughed.

"I don't think I should mind even that—if we were together."

She raised her head suddenly. "That was someone calling—it must be Joan. . . . Come—we must go back."

He caught her to him and kissed her again—a long kiss that swept away the last doubt and shadow between them, then they went back down the road hand in hand.

Joan met them at the gate—her small face looked pale and startled in the faint moonlight.

"Oh, thank goodness," she said when she saw Nan. "I thought——" Then she recognised Peter, and drew a long sigh of relief.

"And this, I suppose," she said with faint good-natured sarcasm, "is the end of the story."

Peter Lyster looked at Nan—a look that brought a lump to Joan's throat, and made her long for the adored Tim more than ever before, if such a thing were possible.

"No," he said steadily. "It's only the beginning."

THE END.

Now turn to page 9 for the opening chapters of "In a Gilded Cage," by Mark Allerton, the great new story which has been specially written for "The Daily Mirror."

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL RESULTS.

LONDON COMBINATION.—Crystal Palace (h) 3, Queen's Park Rangers 0; Brentford (h) 2, Watford 1; Arsenal (h) 2, West Ham 1; Millwall (h) 6, Luton 0; Portsmouth (h) 3, Clapton Orient 0; Tottenham Hotspur (h) 4, Southampton 0; Chelsea 4, Fulham (h) 0.

LANCASHIRE SUBSIDIARY COMPETITION.—Bolton Wanderers (h) 6, Bury 0; Everton (h) 5, Liverpool 0; Stockport County (h) 2, Southport Central 2; Stoke (h) 2, Port Vale 0; Manchester United 1, Manchester City (h) 0; Blackpool 3, Blackburn Rovers (h) 2; Rochdale 2, Oldham Athletic (h) 1; Burnley 3, Preston North End (h) 2.

MIDLAND SUBSIDIARY COMPETITION.—Barnsley (h) 1, Sheffield Wednesday 1; Chesterfield (h) 3, Grimsby 2; Huddersfield (h) 2, Bradford 0; Hull City (h) 2, Lincoln City 1; Leicester Fosse (h) 2, Nottingham Forest 1; Sheffield United 2, Rotherham County 1; Birmingham 2, Notts County (h) 0; Leeds City 5, Bradford City (h) 1.

LONDON MUNITIONS LEAGUE.—Wilkinson Sword (h) 2, Darracqs 1; C.A.V. (h) 9, Bowdens 0.

This victory gives the championship to C.A.V.

CLUB MATCH.—Artists' Rifles 1, Inns of Court O.T.C. 1 (at Berkhamsted).

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Aberdeen (h) 2, Hibernians 1; Ayr United (h) 2, Raith Rovers 1; Dumbarton (h) 1, Airdrieonians 1; Hamilton (h) 3, Rangers 1; Third Lanark (h) 0, Dundee 0; Kilmarnock 2, Celtic (h) 0; Morton 2, Motherwell (h) 0; Queen's Park 2, Partick (h) 0; Clyde 1, St. Mirren (h) 0; Glasgow Rangers (h) 1, Queen's Park 0.

RUGBY MATCHES.—Australian Infantry 13pts., R.N. Depot, Crystal Palace 0 (at Blackheath); Cardiff (h) 3, Neath 3; R.N.D. (Devonport) 9, Cardiff 6; R.N.D. (Blandford) 9, Depot Battalion M.G.C. 7.

NORTHERN UNION.—Leeds 5pts., Swinton (h) 2; Oldham (h) 13, Salford 3; Runcorn (h) 12, St. Helens Recreation 2; Wigan (h) 10, Widnes 0; Dewsbury (h) 28, Hunslet 5; Batley (h) 38, Halifax 8; St. Helens 11, Broughton Rangers (h) 6.

TO-DAY'S BOXING.

There will be two shows at the Ring, Blackfriars, to-day. In the afternoon Sergeant H. Curzon, D.C.M., boxes fifteen rounds with the black, Private Bob Scanlon, whilst at night Sid Smith, ex-fly-weight champion, and Tommy Noble contest twenty three-minute rounds.

An eliminating contest for the bantam-weight championship between Charley Hardcastle and the Welshman Billy Fanner will be the principal event at the National Sporting Club to-night.

Bob Cotton and Joe Brooks meet in fifteen rounds at the Holborn Stadium, and Sergeant Bill Johnson and Private Lew Russell box a similar number of rounds at the Hoxton Baths matinee.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

In a fifteen rounds contest at the Ring on Saturday night Kid Plested beat Bob Spencer on points.

Artists' Rifles beat Ranelagh H. by 194 points to 226 in a five and a half miles team race at Gidea Park on Saturday, Williams, of Ranelagh, finishing first in 37m. 10s.

The Diggle (rec. 3,000 in 15,000) v. Inman billiards match at Leicester-square had to be abandoned on Saturday owing to the illness of Inman, who on Friday had reached 13,751 to Diggle's 13,998.

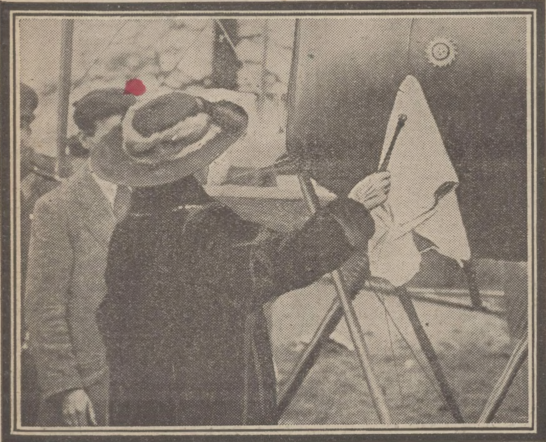
The first cricket match of the season at Kennington Oval on Saturday resulted in the Artists' Rifles scoring 134 to the Public Schools' 45. E. C. Kirk, the Surrey fast bowler, took nine of the boys' wickets for 20 runs. Following on, the Schools lost nine wickets for 45.

In the A.S.C. (M.T.) sports at Mottingham on Saturday the Australian sprinter C. J. Mears won the 100 yards in 11s. and the 220 yards in 25s. Private A. Snell was second in each race. The pair helped Grove Park to win the mile relay, and Snell won the quarter in 60 1-5s.

'IN A GILDED CAGE,' BY MARK ALLERTON, BEGINS ON PAGE 9

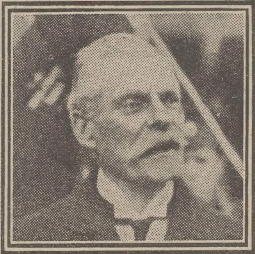
Daily Mirror

A GIFT FROM LEEDS TO INDIA.



The Lady Mayoress (Mrs. E. George Arnold) naming the battleplane.

Sir David Henderson decorating Sergeant Dean, R.F.C., with the Military Medal. He is a Leeds man.



Lord Islington, Under-Secretary of State for India, speaking. He accepted the gift for India.

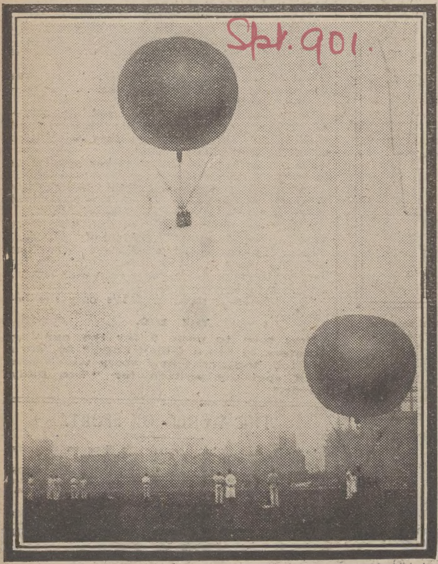
LORD DESBOROUGH'S FLIGHT IN BATTLEPLANE.

Lord Desborough returns after making a flight in the machine. Captain Ding was the pilot.

Lord Desborough (president of the Imperial Air League) presenting a silk flag to the Lady Mayoress.

Leeds' gift battleplane was handed over on Saturday in the presence of a distinguished gathering. After helping to win the war, it will be given to the Indian Air Service.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

A WAR-TIME CRICKET MATCH.



Balloons rising from the Oval during the match between the Public Schools and the London Regiment on Saturday. It was the first match of the season.

TO-NIGHT'S BOXING CONTEST.

Tom Noble (first portrait) and Sid Smith, who will meet in a twenty three-minute rounds championship contest at the Ring.

IN A GILDED CAGE

By MARK ALLERTON

The opening instalment of this enthralling love story will be found on Page 9 of to-day's issue.

It is a story which will create a sensation.

PEGGY LORRAINE.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS SPORTS.

The pillow fight at the Army Service Corps (M.T.) sports at Mottingham on Saturday. Private C. J. Mears, the Australian sprinter, took part.

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